

# Improvement Era



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## LAKE LILLIAN, WASATCH MOUNTAINS

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There is a wonderful entrance into the high and secret valley of the Wasatch, in which lies Lake Lillian. It was carved through the solid granite and quartzite by the ice waves of a glacier in the long ago. Smoothly polished and ground are the mighty edges, but now, from their crevices, spring forth a multitude of mountain flowers. Above the entrance, as above the lake, rises a vast, natural sun-dial. A jut of quartzite of one thousand feet in height, is its gnomon, and its shadow circles upon the stilly waters of the lake and the lower mountain slopes, and measures the hours, the days, the years, of the passing centuries. This gnomon dominates the scenery of the lake, and to its great bulk that of the dome of St. Peters is but as a toy.

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.





AMONG THE WASATCH SUMMITS

The Path of a Glacier

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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## The Birth of Jesus

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The birth and mission of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ are divine. Some would pay homage to him only as the greatest of men and philosophers. But it is no ancient and serious error, but a truth, to know him as the Son of the Living God.

He is in very truth what he himself declared himself to be, and what the writers of the New Testament, and his immediate followers testified he is.

Men and women who know his birth and mission to be divine, prove their faith by their works. They strive to keep his commandments. They carry his message of salvation to the nations abroad that sit in darkness; they rescue those who are in danger of perishing in sin, at home; and, with enthusiastic zeal, promote that spiritual growth in the lives of people which has made the true followers of Christ, in very deed and in all respects, unique and superior.

And so, on this returning day, celebrated as the day of his birth, we proclaim the glad message that the coming of Jesus Christ into the world was by far the greatest event in the history of the human race; that he is greater, infinitely greater, than the greatest of men ever born upon the earth, and that he is the Only Begotten Son of God. He is the Savior of our race, the Captain of our salvation, and our Hope of eternal life. Only by faith in his divine birth and mission, and through his gospel plan rightly understood and practiced, may all men in all the nations of the earth find peace and salvation.

"Now the birth of Jesus Christ," says St. Matthew, "was on

this wise: "When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

"Then Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily.

"But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.

"And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins.

"Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying:

"Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

"Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife:

"And knew her not until she had brought forth her firstborn son: and he called his name JESUS."

St. Luke continues the story, "And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

"(And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

"And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

"And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David;)

"To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

"And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

"And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

"And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

"And this shall be a sign unto you;

"Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

"And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

"And they came with haste and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

"And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

"And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds."

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### The Christmas Chimes

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"The Christmas chimes are pealing high  
Beneath the solemn Christmas sky,  
And blowing winds their notes prolong  
Like echoes from an angel's song:  
'Good-will and peace, peace and good-will,'  
Ring out the carols glad and gay,  
Telling the heavenly message still,  
That Christ the Child was born today.

"In lowly hut and palace hall,  
Peasant and king keep festival,  
And childhood wears a fairer guise,  
And tenderer shine all mothers' eyes;  
The aged man forgets his years,  
The mirthful heart is doubly gay,  
The sad are cheated of their tears,  
For Christ the Lord was born today."

SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY.

# The Trapper's Christmas

THE STORY OF TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS, ONE BEFORE AND THE OTHER  
AFTER THE PIONEERS ARRIVED IN UTAH

BY JOSEPH HICKMAN

## I.

It was the summer of 184— and the annual meeting of trappers, traders, and Indians was in full swing at the Green river rendezvous. Around the trader's cabin had sprung up during the past week a city of smoking tepees and wigwams, the vivacious inhabitants of which, gathered here and there in small groups, carried on their crude traffic in furs, trinkets and whiskey. And from day to day the commotion grew, until one who beheld the performance afterward described it thus: "What a commingling of hell, earth and bedlam was there! On the soft tintured mountain air rang in hellish harmony the united sound of whooping savages, baying wolf-dogs, howling half-breeds, cracking rifles and carbines, with the *sacre* and *fichtre* of the Frenchman, and the more awful curses of the Englishman. These dying down at intervals there was the milder, but not more exalted, refrain of hiccoughing traders and licentious love makers. All were free to eat, drink, and kill *ad libitum*, each guarding his own head. Thus there was no end of trafficking, gambling, horse-racing, dancing, courting, and fighting."\*

"Mountain Sheep," the most powerful Indian chief of the Rockies, was there. With him came many of his tribe bent on securing powder, knives, trinkets, and the deadly "fire-water." Among those who came were many dusky maidens, young and giddy, urged on to mating with white men by their unscrupulous kinsmen, who were sure to receive, on such occasions, a dangerous quantity of whiskey and many gaudy trinkets. The "Lamb," said to be the chief's own daughter, but showing in her features white characteristics, was there on the occasion we are recording. Her connection with the great chief, together with her quiet demeanor, so unlike her dusky sisters, soon made her the object of more than one eventful courting. And not until, at least, one trapper had bit the dust did the famous young F—— carry away

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\*See Bancroft's *History of the Northwest*.



the prize to his tepee, where her people soon gathered and did not leave until they had eaten and drunk the most of his earnings of many years.

But there was nothing unusual in such occurrences. Such events were common features at every rendezvous. Always, there was a favorite squaw, for possession of whom the trappers quarrelled, fought and died. Being no more than a common occurrence, there is little doubt that this story would never have been told, but for the fact that F—— and his family later became residents of Utah, where many of their children now live. Among these children are men who have served the state as law-makers, teachers and in other responsible positions. Of their children, the grandchildren of F—— and the "Lamb," several have been graduated from college, others are merchants and ranchers. Not one, so far as is known, has ever been convicted of any sort of crime. And all are justly proud of the romantic tale of the strange love and adventure of their grandparents.

The "Lamb" and F—— departed from the rendezvous soon after the savage mob fell into the drunken stupor, the joy of which they craved above all other things earthly. As he belonged to the daring class known as "free-trappers," the pair went their own way and soon sought out some promising streams in the Uintahs where they were confident of securing the desired furs during the winter. At a convenient spot they erected a cabin and in it lived unmolested for two years. During this time they saw few other humans, except at the rendezvous, which they attended together. F—— was now a "squaw-man" and as such was left unmolested by the other trappers. Then, too, a big-eyed, goosing being had come screaming his way into the world and the cottage, and his presence seemed to link the strange mating still stronger.

The third winter came, and with it the hard luck and suffering that have made it the subject of chapters in histories of the fur trade. This year one may find recorded under such direful headings as, "The Last of the Rendezvous," "The Disastrous Winter," "Decline of the Fur Trade," and others more woeful. None of the large fur companies made expenses, while here and there a free trapper was fortunate in being located on some well stocked stream. These laid in a good supply of furs during the autumn and early winter, only to have their cabins raided later and the entire stock carried away by other trappers, who, finding it impossible to catch beaver, had turned to stealing from those who had done so. F—— was among those to lose their furs in this manner, though, as we shall see, it was years before he knew how it all happened.

It was Christmas day of the year that F—— lost his furs. He and the "Lamb" had planned to go up-stream and bring back

the furs which they expected to find in the traps which had been set several days previous. Little Jim, now nearly two years old, must of course go along, Indian fashion, snugly wrapped, basketed, and tied securely on the side of his mother's pony. The father, after the usual custom, left as soon as he had made his horse ready, which on this occasion was several hours before the mother and child were ready to follow him.

Just as the mother was about to mount, the thieves dashed down the hillside and up the canyon. It seemed that they came from every direction, which undoubtedly they had come. The "Lamb" was knocked senseless and the coveted furs soon packed on the horses, including the one on which the child had been tied and was at the time probably fast asleep. In their haste the thieves did not notice the basket, or it might have been that they thought it a waste of time to stop long enough to untie it. At any rate the child was carried along.

Indian blood runs with strength and vigor in male and female alike. Thanks to it, the "Lamb" soon found strength enough to rise, and consciousness enough to know what had happened. Her resolve was quickly made and as quickly she began its execution.

## II

Tired and hungered, yet with cheerful satisfaction, F— came down the slope to his cabin at dusk of that eventful Christmas day. Every trap had held some sort of fur among which he numbered that of a silver fox for which he had long sought, not so much for its value as for the fact that the "Lamb" had often wished that she might have one with which to line the outside of the basket in which little Jim was swung from the overhead logs of the cabin. So he was filled with satisfaction.

Of course he had missed the "Lamb's" company. He had expected her to overtake him early in the day, for at each trap he must spend considerable time taking out the fur, and resetting. But he had seen not a sign of her. Yet he felt no concern; in fact it was with a degree of satisfaction that he recalled this. To him it meant that she had startled some game on the early part of her journey, been successful in bagging it, and returned to the cabin to take care of it as was her willing duty. Not once did it occur to him that she might have met with some accident, for well he knew that she could take care of herself in those woods even better than he. Nor did he once allow himself to think that she had not started to follow, for she was ever beside him when opportunity and duty permitted. This condition was due, most likely, to the kindness with which he treated her, and on this kindness he prided himself.

But as he neared the cabin the usual friendly yelping of the woman's dog did not greet him. This was a boding of evil. With the first concern that he had felt during the entire day he spurred his tired pony to a trot. He drew near the cabin and strained his eyes for the usual light that shone through the cracks in the creaking door. Not a glimmer could he detect. He hastily dismounted and burst into the room; even in the darkness he could feel its emptiness. He struck a light and the first blazing of the pine-knot revealed to him the empty, disorderly room.

He fell in a lump on the nearest stump that had served as a chair. Then in quick succession there flashed across his mind the stories he had heard of run-away squaws. There was one who had left the house locked and, inside, the young ones, five or six of them. There they had remained several days before the trapper had returned to find them half starved and frozen. Another story, rife in the wilds at the time, was a squaw who had married a well-to-do trapper at the suggestion of her father, with whom she had plotted to murder the white man at the first most favorable opportunity. And she had carried out her part of the plot, and the other Indians had carried away the dead man's treasures. All these and many others F—— recalled in a moment, and quickly concluded that his squaw had but acted accordingly.

To be sure he had known these stories before he had taken the "Lamb" into his cabin. But he had had his own theories of why they had come about. "The poor devils," he would usually say upon hearing such a story, "who would blame them? If a man treats his squaw like a brute he must expect her to act as one. When I take a squaw, I'll treat her white." So he had. And now she had left him.

Impulsively he sprang to his feet and rushed outside to his pony. He would follow her and bring back with her his furs, then she would know what it was to be treated like other squaws. Outside the cold canyon breeze struck him briskly in the face and the shock seemed to bring him to his senses. What would be the use of following? She was undoubtedly assisted by her tribesmen and to follow would mean sure death,—long before he would be able to reach striking distance. The moon emerged from the mass of pines on the hillside and with its assistance he was able to discern many strange horse tracks in the snow. This was evidence enough, the plot had been premeditated, and the "Lamb" had given the signal that he was away, possibly before he had gone a mile up the canyon that morning.

He hobbled the pony and went dumbly back into the cabin. It is hard for us who have been reared in a town to understand the actions of men of F——'s type. They had lived with the savages so long that they had taken on much of savage customs

and modes of thought. When a wrong was done them, nothing could occupy their minds until vengeance was had. From the day they received an injury to the day it was avenged, it became their sole business to carry out the plans to obtain their reward in the shape of suffering on the part of the enemy.

We civilized men act differently. If the object of our wrath is at hand on the moment we receive knowledge of the wrong, he may suffer by our temporary madness. But after this has passed, we are content to "let the law take its course." The immediate effects are the strongest on us, often driving us to insanity. The opposite is true of the savage and the woodsman. He utters a few blood-curdling oaths, including one, life-binding, for revenge, and then he begins to coolly plan and premeditate as logically as one of us would do on a piece of business that is to come up the next day.

So it was with F——, and after the customary cursing he gathered the few remaining odds and ends of furs and with them constructed a sort of bed in which he was soon sleeping as quietly as if the day had ended as it should have done. On the morrow he arose and went about his usual duties up and down the stream to his traps, and so on from day to day throughout the rest of the winter.

In the early spring an agent of the American Fur Company passed by and bought up his supply of furs. There was to be no rendezvous that summer,—so few and poor had been the furs secured by most of the trappers during the past winter. This was bad news to F—— for he had hoped to secure his revenge at this annual clearing-house of frontier troubles. For at the rendezvous were always many of the "Mountain Sheep's" tribe, on one or more of whom he would wreak his vengeance. It mattered little to him who these might be, for according to Indian ethics any member of a tribe may be made to answer for the wrongs inflicted by the tribe as a whole or any other member.

If there was to be no rendezvous, but one course lay open: he must seek out the tribe and on their own ground satisfy his cravings, though, which was likely, it should cost him his life. Five hundred miles away was the tribe at that moment, hunting the buffalo along the eastern slopes of the Rockies.

Traveling is slow under the conditions of caution and precaution that trappers must move. Consequently the summer had passed into early autumn when he had reached his destination. Here was only disappointment for him, for the tribe had gone West by a northern trail, several weeks before, and thus he had passed them. This he learned from some trappers who had decided to visit some old haunts that winter, and, on account of the lateness of the season, he was induced to remain with them.



But with the first signs of spring he pressed on to the West on the trail of his foes.

This was the summer of 1849, and at Fort Bridger he learned of the great "Mormon" migration which had taken place during the past summer and the summer previous. He learned of the wonderful change these people were working on the Great Salt Lake desert, and was told that they had stated their intention of seeing that all who lived within their jurisdiction should obey the laws of the great United States of America, and that all wanton killing, robbing and other outlawry must cease. But even this news did not for a minute deter him from his course which led him on and on to vengeance.

Several days out from the fort he met a band of trappers, members of which told him of the Sheep's tribe being close at hand. But to them he gave not the slightest reason for making the inquiry. His blood flowed in happy anticipation; at last his reward was about to be realized. Thus gloating on the imagined outcome of his adventure, he sat at the evening's camp-fire without uttering a single word, though, one after another, the other trappers told stories of daring encounter and hair-breadth escapes. Far into the night did this recounting continue, yet F—— sat as still as a statue.

At last the subject turned to the goodness and badness of squaw-wives,—were they to be trusted, beaten, or bullied? and other such questions,—dear to the heart and purse of a trapper. Thus the stream of conversation ran into the channel through which rolled the turbulent thoughts of our hero. But so wild and frothy were they that the inflow caused little effect that could be seen on the surface. Beneath, undoubtedly, there was an imperceptible swelling, like is unseen, but known to occur, in the body of a great stream, when a brook empties into it.

Many were the facts brought forth on the subject; some maintaining that females of the red race were even more fickle than those of the white. Others, mostly the young men, fresh from civilized love disappointments, stoutly set forth, that the white maidens were not only the more fickle, but likewise the more cruel and heartless.

"Listen," broke in a strong young fellow, bearing the stamp of recent arrival, "tell me where in your book of white heroines you can read of one to equal the story I heard down at Fort Bridger. A young squaw, the wife of a trapper, lost her child, had it stolen from her hut somewhere up in the Uintahs. For two years she has followed its trail leading from her cabin door, where the thieves led off her pony laden with furs they had pilfered, beneath which, half smothered, lay the kid in its basket. For five hundred miles she followed it through these mountains, finally ar-

riving at Green river two days behind a train of "Mormons" to whom the child had been given. Barely stopping for the next train that passed that way she begged permission to walk alongside the oxen until she should reach the city and there find the child. Of course the "Mormons" shared with her their crude comforts, for they believe that the Indians are some of God's own people, and I am inclined to think they are right, on this one count at least."

Here was the outlet of the turbulent thoughts of our hero,—as the rolling waters of a large stream become quiet upon flowing into a lake, so his thoughts, for the moment were peaceful,—the circumstances and description fit his lost "Lamb" and her child exactly. Then like the strong wind that often sweeps over the lake's surface, his placid thoughts were rolled into billows by the blind wind of suspicion, telling him that these men were in league with the "Sheep's" tribe, and the story had been told for the purpose of leading him off the trail and away from his revenge which was so close.

With the early morning he was on the way to the camp of the "Sheep's" tribe, and by noon he rode boldly down among the tepees. Friends hailed him from this side and that side, but he looked neither to right nor to left until he had reached the tent of the Chief. A brief space of conversation soon convinced him that he was wrong in believing that his squaw had run away at the suggestion and knowledge of her kinsmen. For he knew Indian nature and that they would not hesitate to boast of their thievery now that they had him at their mercy.

There was but one hope left, it was the "Lamb" who had gone with the "Mormons." He quickly decided to follow and, should he find her there, he would be ready to forget the loss of his furs in the deep satisfaction he would feel in knowing that by treating her "white" she had remained true to his trust. It would take weeks of travel and it was already late in November, but he knew every hill and hollow from where he stood to the very shore of the briny lake. He would go at once.

### III

Again it was Christmas eve. F—— stood on the brink of the Great Salt Lake Valley. Since leaving the tribe of the "Mountain Sheep" he had suffered untold hardships and passed through thrilling experiences. Some day, perhaps, some of his grandchildren who have often heard the story of that trip from his own lips, will tell it in detail, and when that time comes one of the most interesting books on western experiences will be written. But now we leave it to the reader's imagination.

He had stood in the same spot several years before and now he marveled at the change that had been wrought. Smoke was curling from the tops of hundreds of cabins and comfortable cottages and there was much in the scene that carried him back to the days of his youth in the hills of New England. Thus he pondered as he rested, for he was yet several hours' walk from the nearest habitation, his pony, long since, having failed in strength to carry his master.

He plodded on, and in his mind came the occasional doubting that he would find here the object of his search. Failing to find her, he was sure of one thing; where so many whites lived there was sure to be a public house with a good supply of "strychnine whiskey." This would take him back to the exciting days at the rendezvous and in this condition, surrounded by the hellish mob that he knew in those days, he would drink, fight and happily die.

It was fully nine o'clock when he led his tired pony down the broad streets, looking from side to side and listening closely for the familiar sound that would lead him to the public house. And at last he did hear loud and merry laughter issuing from a building of unusual size, evidently a public house. But how different from what he had expected! He drew near and listened closely. He could detect the voices of children and women, yes, and of strong men. This was not what one would have found at the rendezvous. He stopped before the building. The door stood ajar, inside as a tree decorated, and a Santa Claus taking off the last of the Christmas gifts. Then all became suddenly quiet; an organ began to play, and then the whole body sang, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow."

He uncovered and bowed his head, then stood as one transfixed, as the congregation of men, women and children passed out and down the street past him. Something held him to the spot, he afterward said, until most the people had gone by, then he raised his head. A shawled figure leading a little child by the hand stopped by him. A quick frontier greeting which is easier imagined than described passed between them. Then the shawled figure led the boy and the man down the street following the crowd, symbolic so it seems, of the fact that she was to be led by these people and in turn lead him in their footsteps to a righteous life and happiness, such as the pair enjoyed until the day of their death, so say their children who told me the story as I have tried to repeat it.

LOGAN, UTAH

# Patriotism—Instinctive and Intelligent\*

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BY MOSES F. COWLEY

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Patriotism may be defined as a love for one's country that gives an unreserved and zealous support to her institutions and interests. In relation to the history of the development of civilization, as characterized by wars and struggles, this word has a most profound significance. The forms of patriotism may be classed as two kinds: instinctive and intelligent. Both contain one fundamental element in common, which is self-sacrifice, with an unqualified devotion to the cause of the many; but other characteristics make a marked distinction between them.

Instinctive patriotism is that patriotism impelled by the emotions of man, regardless of his better judgment. These emotions may be love, fear, hatred, ambition, or a desire for aggrandizement, each or all of which may appear on the surface in the form of love and loyalty for one's country. It comes by pure instinct alone. Hence, the object of this kind of patriotism may be right or wrong, as it sees only the cause of the party possessed by it. One zealous patriot has expressed it in these words, "Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right, but right or wrong, our country."

As one of the underlying causes of the gigantic war now waging in Europe, I suggest this misdirected patriotism. In the seventeenth century, Louis XIV, of France, vigorously prosecuted a policy of establishing a greater and more glorious country, disregarding the rights of his neighbors. This policy reached its climax in the career of Napoleon Bonaparte. He declared, "What the French want is glory and the satisfaction of their vanity." Was this kind of patriotism lacking to uphold him in his burning ambition? Let the hundreds of thousands of dead who passionately gave their lives for his cause answer this question in awful silence.

Germany, also, has lived by the same national idea, which obtained a powerful inception under Frederick the Great, in the eighteenth century. Expressive of our treatment of this phase of the subject, he proclaimed after one of his victories, "Happy are they who, having secured their own advantage, can look tranquilly upon the embarrassment of others."

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\*Winning address at the Utah Agricultural College for medal given by the Sons of the American Revolution.



The history of England, Russia and Austria is similar, each nation being imbued, more or less, with the idea that God is shaping her political and commercial destiny, that each one must live and triumph, incurring, if need be, the death of her national neighbors. What a reflection upon an all-wise, all-merciful and just Deity! Thus the present theatre of war presents to our view the result of the workings of this kind of patriotism. Its contemplation horrifies and awes our senses with intense solemnity. What the end of the world would be, should this kind of patriotism be the impelling force, one dare not think!

Rather let us devote our thoughts to that patriotism I have termed intelligent. This patriotism represents the word in its truest sense, involving also man's emotions, but guarded and directed by a keen intellect and controlled by his underlying better self. It means unqualified and true devotion to one's country, only when his country is incessantly struggling for the triumph of principle. Indeed, it recognizes and supports only the fundamental and basic principles that allow equally to all mankind the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This is the only patriotism that shall invariably endure to reach a praiseworthy goal in the course of human events.

America represents this patriotism, the first great victory of which was the Revolutionary war. That war was a trying battle for principles. Those principles for freedom and righteousness may be summed up in the word virtue, for which the Father of our Country unrestrictedly dedicated his life. In the words of Phillip Freneau:

"O, Washington, thrice glorious name,  
What due rewards can man decree?  
Empires are far beneath thy aim,  
And sceptres have no charms for thee;  
Virtue alone has your regard,  
And she must be your great reward."

The spirit of the Revolutionary war was not a passionate and an unwise antagonism against the mother country, but rather the sacrifice of everything to realize the enjoyment of those principles that are deep-rooted in the soul of true character. I desire to mention a person who, to the casual thinker, performed a shameful mission and died an inglorious death; but to him who interprets correctly the motives that actuate brave and honest hearts, he represents grandly the spirit of that age. In his last words, uttered amidst circumstances that would tax the strongest soul to the core, Nathan Hale voiced the spirit of intelligent patriotism in its truest form: "I regret only that I have but one life to lose for my country." And why? Because his country was testing the power of principle, and she must win.

"There are no points of the compass on the chart of true patriotism," says Robert Winthrop. "It is altruistic and philanthropic, allowing no discrimination between peoples. It draws the line of demarkation only between right and wrong."

After nearly a century of advancement, we were again confronted with a grave situation which threatened to rend our national heart in twain. How fortune blessed us with a powerful and calm man who successfully championed these fundamental principles of human happiness is an epoch of history indelibly stamped upon the mind of every American child. However, it may not be amiss to relate an incident which portrays strikingly the broad, comprehensive, and untainted patriotism of Abraham Lincoln. It occurred at the close of the Civil war. The return of the boys in blue was being reviewed in front of the National Capitol, by President Lincoln, and thousands who rejoiced in the victory of the North. Old Glory waved proudly in all her beauty. Suddenly there appeared in an upper window of the White House little Tad Lincoln waving enthusiastically an old Confederate flag. What an apparently unfitting thing! Lincoln's gaze rested upon the sight. He was deeply touched. Immediately he smiled meaningly and waved a gesture of approval. Cheer upon cheer arose from the multitude. Thus the great man, actuated by nature's reconciling inspiration of love had caused a pronounced revelation of this altruistic patriotism which knows no bounds.

Today we are called upon to express ourselves as to the stand our nation should take in view of the delicate problems that demand careful and wise action. What shall be our attitude? Realizing the position our country has ever maintained, we have no alternative. Having been endowed with a heritage which is the fruit of over a century of national growth, we cannot afford to fail in pursuing a course impelled and controlled by an intelligent patriotism for principle, a course that will inevitably lead to a destiny that, when the eternal scroll of history shall be unfolded, will distinguish us as being a nation among nations, the leader and the greatest power of the world, in bringing all nations into conformity with the plan of the Infinite.

Individual patriotism is essential to united patriotism. United patriotism is essential to power. Let every individual who claims true American citizenship dedicate himself to a whole-souled devotion for these fundamental and basic principles as the guiding force of his civil life. Do this and we are secure in leaving the ultimate outcome to the providence of a just God.

LOGAN, UTAH

# The Beautiful

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BY NEPHI JENSEN

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Truth, goodness and beauty are the great trinity of eternal realities. Deep, lasting love for this trinity, coupled with large capacity to express that love, is greatness.

If we write an interrogation point after "truth," we have the question before which the profoundest thinkers of all ages have stood baffled. Why do we say some things are beautiful? is a question almost as difficult to fully answer.

Why is the blending of colors on the petals of a flower that defies human skill at imitation, pleasing? If we really find the answer to this question, we shall find it in the word infinite. The blending of the tints in the flower is so varied and so exquisitely dainty that we cannot count the number of tints nor tell where one begins and another ends. The Maker of the flower wrote his name in its heart. What God does is true, and the true is beautiful.

Goodness is the soul's expression of the true. If the expression is finished, it is beautiful. Truth is the test of reality, beauty is the proof of completeness.

Truth is the soul of poetry; beauty is the body. Truth is the solid foundation of the law that holds the stars in their orbits; beauty is the poetry that speaks from the fire-shot heavens. Truth is the balance-wheel of the soul; beauty is the grandeur of the actions of the soul that walks in majestic poise, hand in hand with truth.

The chords of the soul were originally tuned true to truth. It is for this reason that every note, whether in song, poem, or eloquence, pleases us. It harks back to the soul's native hearth-stone; and stirs in the heart the gladness of primeval recollections. The child taken from its mother in infancy, after a few years becomes so completely estranged from her, that neither her wooing words nor winsome smiles can revive in it recollections of former associations, but the instant the mother sings some lullaby as of yore, the mirth of the other days appears in the child's eyes, and its arms are outstretched for the mother's embrace. What the mother's lullaby is to this child, the note of truth is to the soul. No matter whether it speaks to us from the poet's words woven of truth and beauty; the prophet's lips, touched by the finger of God, or from nature's thousand tongues; in some mysterious way,

it brings to us a vague remembrance of the olden days when we were nurtured at truth's hearthstone, and walked and talked with God.

Beauty is the mark God places upon his work to indicate that it is completed. Symmetric forms are lovely because they fill the eye with the sense of completeness. But real beauty is deeper than form. It is more than graceful lines. It is always associated with the human. At lunch one day with a doctor, our conversation turned to artists. The medical man said: "I don't understand artists. When at Chicago studying, I met a noted painter who would leave the majestic buildings of the business section and go out to some dilapidated hovel and spend days painting an old, grizzly man. I asked him why he didn't paint the Marshal Field building, and the artist said, 'Nature is reality, and reality is the only thing worth painting.'" The "old grizzly man" is a fit subject for the brush because, as the negro says, "He is just what he is and not any isser." Only in human actions do we find the perfectly beautiful. The soul that is held in sublime poise by truth's strong arms, and expresses, in looks and actions, naturally and completely, the truth that reigns within, is the most beautiful object we see on this side of immortality.

One test of the beautiful is that it is delightful. But that is not the only proof. Comedy pleases for a while, but comedy is never beautiful. Whether it appears in words, song, or act, the comic in some way is a distortion of the natural. The artificial breaking of the harmony in music, at intervals, is comedy; but only the perfect harmony in song is beautiful.

Fitness is a test of the beautiful. We are all pleased with things that are in proper proportion. Too many, or the wrong adjectives may obscure the truth expressed in the word they qualify. If they do, the ornamentation is overdone. The adage, "Art for art's sake," should read "Art for beauty's sake." And beauty should always be the servant of truth. A truth too elaborately adorned loses much of its force, because we are apt to think of its form rather than of its fact. When form, color, or act, speaks louder than the spirit within, it is imperfect. Perfection is the fit blending of grace with rugged reality.

Completeness is a mark of things that are pleasing. Defects are always distasteful. If defects appear in personal features they excite pity; if they appear in some expression of art, they excite laughter. But we neither laugh nor weep in the presence of the truly beautiful. Our impression is deeper than mirth, and not quite so sad as tears. Because the beautiful is true in its completeness, it imparts the joy which blends the seriousness of reality with mirthful pleasantness.

It is the mission of art to express the beautiful, and yet the



beautiful is deeper and truer than art. Indeed, it is because we depart from the truth of nature that art has a place in human activities. If we always maintained childlike naturalness, truth and beauty would reign in our souls, and our actions would be the natural expression of what is within. Art is the studied effort to express perfection in form, color, tone, word, and act. Nature is the spontaneous expression of truth. For this reason nature is always beautiful. The slightest wave of a child's hand is graceful, because it is natural, spontaneous expression of its true emotion. Art never succeeds unless it disguises itself. No matter what we witness, song, speech or act, we are not pleased if the performer gives us the impression that he is striving to capture our approval. We are only pleased when the performer expresses the truth that is in him with the exact intensity he feels it. Rev. Reynolds Holes' conclusion about raising flowers, that to "succeed with roses one must have roses in his heart," is profoundly true of every effort at the expression of the beautiful. The highest aim of art is artlessness. Artificiality always detracts from grace. Nature is true. The truest in nature truly expressed, whether in color, form, or word, is delightful. The false is always ugly. It is abnormal. Truth is the native atmosphere of the soul. As long as the soul lives, moves and has its being in its native atmosphere, its ways are ways of grace.

Those who are "touched to tears in the presence of flowers" have fine taste. The lack of love for flowers is evidence of coarseness and want of culture. The love of the beautiful is close to the love of truth; and the love of truth is the certain badge of greatness. They only live completely who see in the heart of the flower what the artist sees, hear in the song of the bird what the singer hears, find in rhythmic words what the poet finds, and feel in the word of God what the prophets feel.

Beauty is not confined to any age. The prattling babe, whose dimple is a dint made by the touch of love, and whose cry is so true that you have to listen twice to be sure it is not laughter, is God's living, breathing expression of the true and beautiful. When twenty-five springs and autumns have passed over the child, and she bends graciously over her darling, and mingles with her smiles the holy love which holds her soul in "stainless peace," she is as fair a subject for the artist's brush as can be found in all the realms of living things. And then, at last, when seventy winters have come and gone and she who, through long years of devotion and service, has gathered into her heart life's unmeasured wealth of beauty and truth,—and she stands at the sunset of life, with the golden light of eternity's dawn mingling with her silvery hair, we seek in vain for words full enough of meaning to draw her picture, and at last exclaim, "She is the beauty of holiness."

It is but trite to say that a healthy brain must have a healthy body. It is profoundly true that our bodies never can be more healthy and beautiful than our spirits. Every muddy thought puts mud in the blood. Every vicious emotion puts a scar on the cheek of beauty. Purity is beauty. It is the only cosmetic. Beauty is more than skin deep. In some inscrutable way every vicious or ugly act or emotion places its hideous impress upon the cheek, and looks through the eye. Nature is not mocked. Go where you will, live as long as you will, the only beauty that will smile from your lips, and shine from your eyes, will be the beauty that is reflected from the heart's fountain of purity. "Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue."

FOREST DALE, UTAH

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## A Temple in Hawaii

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Sound forth your strains of gladness, ye islands of the sea,  
 And lift your hearts in praises, O Saints of Hawaii:  
 The Lord hath heard your pleadings, your long-sought day is here  
 When to the great Jehovah a temple you shall rear.

A temple, a temple, in Hawaii!  
 Foreshadowing the splendors and glories yet to be.

The spirit of Elijah shall rest upon its walls;  
 A choice, beloved Remnant, within its sacred halls,  
 Receive the promised blessings their father Lehi saw  
 The Lord would surely give them when they obeyed his law.

Samuel, the Lamanite, forecast this blessed day;  
 Nephi and Moroni, and the faithful passed away,  
 Who lived, believed, and perished on this your glorious land,  
 Unite with you in praises for God's all-guiding hand.

A temple, a temple, in Hawaii!  
 Foreshadowing the splendors and glories yet to be.

RUTH M. FOX.

## The Gift

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BY ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL

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There had been an unusual excitement in the Bates home all day, for Jack was to leave in the morning for college. This would be the first break in the home circle and every member of the family felt a twinge of that homesickness which will come on the eve of the departure of a loved one. It was early twilight now, and all the preparations for the journey were completed. The mother and Jack had just finished packing the heavy trunk which now stood locked and corded in the hall ready for the early call of the drayman. The two were in the house alone. Mr. Bates had not come from the office yet. The girls had gone on an errand and the younger boys were at a meeting of the Boy Scouts.

Jack drew his mother's rocker up before the fire, for the early September day was chilly, and seated himself on a footstool beside her. The thought of the coming separation clutched at both of their hearts and retarded the usual flow of speech. The mother reached out and stroked the wavy, brown hair while she studied the strong young profile in the firelight. The boy took his mother's free hand and held it close in both of his. He was thinking how much he had depended on that hand to lead him in the past, and now he was going beyond its reach. They sat thus for several seconds. The mother was the first to speak.

"There is one thing more that I want to say to you, my boy," then she paused. It was not an easy subject to broach. She had tried to do it several times before. Now she breathed a silent prayer that she might be able to say what was in her heart in a way that her boy would understand and remember. Her fingers continued to fondle the brown hair, and her eyes, full of yearning, tender mother-love, rested upon her first-born, now ready to fly from the home nest. Jack looked up and smiled re-assuringly.

"What is it, mother?"

"You will find things so different in the city," she began. "You will meet temptations that do not exist here. We have talked of most of them, and I feel sure you will have strength to resist." She paused a moment, then went on, choosing her words carefully.

"I have tried to teach you, Jack, that your being is a gift from your Heavenly Father and that you owe it to him to take care of your body and your soul and keep them pure like he gave them to you. Your father and I have helped to guide you in the

past. But you are a man now, and have a right to your own judgment. I wonder if you realize the great powers and possibilities which come to you with your manhood? If rightly used these powers will bring you success and happiness; if abused, they will bring you destruction and misery. One of these powers is attended with special danger which as yet you have not realized. That is why I cannot let you go away without warning you about the temptations you may meet to abuse it. It is the God-given power to reproduce wonderful beings like yourself and it must be guarded as the most sacred part of your being if you would gain from it the blessings intended it should bring.

You will find, I am afraid, a heart-sickening attitude toward this power. You will find it abused, perhaps, by men in whom you have placed your confidence. It is the curse of our age, this double standard. I beg of you, my boy, for the sake of your future, do not be influenced by any one or any circumstance, into regarding this power as anything less than a sacred gift from God. Some day you will choose a companion, a mother to the souls you will bring into existence. Keep your body and soul pure that you may give to her the same priceless gift you demand of her. In the sight of God there can be but one standard—the standard of absolute purity for both man and woman.

"Eighteen years ago, Jack, I gladly went down to the gates of death to give you life. Since that hour through all the years of service and sacrifice it is a mother's lot to give to her children, I have rejoiced in you as a blessing from God. If you would continue to make me rejoice, my boy, you will, for the sake of your own future, remember what I am telling you now."

Jack Bates looked up into his mother's face. All at once in that instant, the great, beautiful meaning of motherhood, with its pain and sacrifice and yearning love, came to him, and seemed to shine in a halo about the dear face of his own mother. A reverence for womanhood he had never known before sprang up in his breast. He bowed his forehead upon the toil-roughened hand he held in a new devotion. It was a supreme moment for them both. There was no need of words, the silence was full. A memory which was to prove a restraining hand in times of future weakness was being etched on a boy's soul. O, that every boy had such etchings in his time of need!

Just then the girls, Florence and Elizabeth, came singing up the path. Mrs. Bates leaned forward and kissed her son's forehead. She felt a long, trembling pressure from the hands that held her own, as Jack arose and turned on the lights.

A moment later the father came in and the mother and daughters prepared the evening meal. Soon the noisy, active scouts appeared and the family gathered around the table.

The thought that this was the last time they would all sit at



the table together for a long time cast a gloom that each tried to dispel. The father recalled a few more bits of advice for his son. The girls told him how they would miss him in their good times the coming winter, and his younger brothers lamented the fact that they could not go to college where a fellow could study just what he pleased instead of being held down in the grades and made to do long division and write compositions. The mother said little, but the calm smile that glowed on her face gave more than its usual cheer.

A gay whistle was heard coming up the path, followed by a knock on the door.

"It's Dick," said Jack, pushing back his chair and going to the door.

Dick Harrison was going to college with Jack. They had been chums all their lives, and Dick almost seemed like one of the family. He came in radiating his usual good humor. Mrs. Bates invited him to sit up to the table with them.

"Gee, I'd like to, Mother Bates" (Dick had no mother of his own), but honest I can't stop a minute. I haven't started to pack my trunk yet. I just came to see if Jack had told Tuttle to call for my things, too."

"Yes, everything's all fixed. He'll be around about six-thirty, but sit down and eat a few bites."

"No, I can't, but I will take one of your mother's cinnamon buns. No telling when we'll taste things like that again. Be sure and put a few extra of these in Jack's lunch for me, Mrs. Bates," he laughed as he helped himself from the plate on the table.

Jack's mother smilingly agreed not to forget. Her heart always had a warm place for this motherless friend of her boy's and it was unusually tender tonight.

Dick bade each member of the family good-bye. When he came to Mrs. Bates she put her arms about his neck and said:

"You must be a good boy, Dick, and write to us often."

"I'll try to be good," Dick laughed, "and I'll sure write. You'll have to get the letters I would have written to my own mother," he added, and there was a little choke in the gay voice.

Mrs. Bates wiped a mist from her eyes. Dear, thoughtless, lovable Dick. He needed a real mother now as never before, but who can take the place of a real mother when it comes to etching the pictures on his soul which are to draw him back from the doors of life's temptations!

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It was Friday afternoon a couple of months after Jack Bates and Dick Harrison had left their country homes for college. The heavy grind of the first semester's work was on. It was a great change from the physically active life they had been used to on the farm, and often they felt a pressing need for relaxation.

"Gee!" exclaimed Dick, as he entered the room they occupied together and threw his books on the table. "I'd give ten dollars if I could forget my math and Latin for a few solid hours. This eternal digging gets on a fellow's nerves."

"Well, I should say," agreed Jack, yawning and stretching as he shoved his trigonometry from him and leaned back in his chair. "Wouldn't a good old 'hoe-down' in Riverton go bully tonight after all the exams they've been boring us with for a week?"

"Well, you just bet it would. I believe I've almost forgotten how to have a good time. It almost makes me homesick to think of the jolly times they're having in old Riverton."

Just then the supper bell rang and they went into the dining room.

"Hello, Bates! How's the grind, Harrison?" greeted Woodman, a junior who, besides others of the college men, lived at the Top Notch boarding house. He had treated them civilly always, but with the condescension usually doled out to freshmen by their upper classmen. The country boys both very naturally envied him and gladly accepted the mere crumbs of comradeship which so far he had deigned to bestow upon them. He always sat opposite them at the table, but he usually had a newspaper or a foot-ball schedule before him or else argued athletic problems with Palmer, a sophomore, who sat a little way down the line.

Tonight he seemed unusually approachable and both of our friends felt their spirits rising as he continued an amiable conversation during the entire meal. They discussed professors, athletics and athletes and when they arose from the table Woodman remarked casually:

"Good to have a Friday night occasionally, isn't it, to throw off the harness and forget the grind." Both boys assented and started for their room.

"By the way, fellows, what are you going to do tonight?" Woodman asked, as they ascended the stairs together.

"Oh, we hadn't thought of anything in particular," Dick replied, a little lamely. He wouldn't have this brilliant upper classman know how really unsophisticated they were in the usual Friday night diversions. They had spent their weekends, up to date, in catching up in back work, writing home, and taking in an occasional picture show.

"Good," exclaimed their new patron. "Come and take in the town with some of the rest of us. We always do Friday nights. There's nothing like it to forget yourself for a while. Usually Benner, Hawkins, Gurdey and myself make up our little crowd, but Benner and Hawkins are in Madison tonight helping to arrange the intercollegiate football schedule, so Gurdey and I will

whistle for you about eight o'clock," and Woodman disappeared into his room.

"Well, what do you know about that!" exclaimed Dick with a vigorous slap on Jack's shoulder, as they entered their own room.

"I can't think what's come over him to want to take us green freshies under his wing," said Jack, puzzled.

"Why, he told us we were going second best, didn't he? But we should worry about that. It's something to be recognized by a junior or a senior at all. They're the fellows that run the earth around here. Oh, I tell you we'll get on now. This is our beginning. I wouldn't be surprised if we had a chance at one of the teams before spring. A few of these fellows like Woodman have the whole thing in their hands."

A few minutes before eight there was a tap at the boys' door and Woodman called out, "Ready?" Jack and Dick joined him in the hall.

"Do you fellows know Gurdey? This is Bates and Harrison, two good neighbors of mine."

Gurdey, the good-looking senior, whom the boys had both openly admired since the second day of school, when he had been pointed out to them as one of *the* men of the college, shook hands cordially and they all walked down the street together.

"What first?" asked Woodman, when they reached the center of town.

"I understand there's a good show on at the Bijou," laughed Gurdey.

"That might be a good place to begin." A few moments later Gurdey himself bought four tickets and they entered the gallery just as the curtain was rising on a chorus of under-dressed and over-painted girls. The dancing, the singing and the questionable jokes were applauded as heartily by Jack and Dick as by their companions, but they both felt a secret sense of guilt which they hardly understood and Jack was consciously glad that his mother did not know just where he was.

When they were on the street again, Dick, feeling that he and Jack should do their part, suggested a drink of beer in a nearby drug store.

"Next?" asked Gurdey, when they were out again, and Woodman said:

"What do you say if we go down to C street and pick us up some pretty little girls. Then we can go to the cabaret some place and have something to eat and drink and dance if we want to."

"Sure thing," laughed Gurdey. "Wood's always keen for that part of the program."

"No keener than yourself," retorted Woodman. "Benner

told me you were at the Dove Cot last week. I do use a little discretion as to where I go."

"Well, I'll agree with you that is a little too tough a place to risk. But I'd try anything once. It's all in life, you know."

Soon they were in a part of the city entirely new to our country friends. It was marked by the frequency of saloons, the confused sounds of ragtime music coming from many directions at the same time, and the groups of gaudily-dressed, giggling girls.

"What do you fellows say if we try the Gelding House tonight?" asked Woodman, looking over his shoulder.

"Doesn't matter to us," answered Dick. "You fellows lead and we'll follow."

The underlying meaning of it all was by this time apparent even to Jack. At first he wondered if he could be dreaming. Surely fellows like Woodman and Gurdey were of the right sort. He walked along in a sort of daze. Dick was also silent, but their companions kept up a lively conversation.

"Keep your eyes open, fellows," Woodman called back, recklessly, "and catch onto the first pretty little peach you see. Here comes mine, now. Hello, sweetheart," he called out, familiarly, and to Jack's surprise the girl stopped and smiled as she answered "Hello."

"What do you say if we spend the evening down at the Gelding," Woodman continued.

"I'm with you," and they walked off together.

"Well, he's a selfish cad to take the only one in sight," growled Gurdey. "But here come some more and here's the Gelding. Three, one apiece, catch on fellows." Gurdey stepped forward and touched one of the girls on the shoulder.

"Engaged?" he asked.

Jack felt dizzy. They were at the door of the cabaret. The room was ablaze with light, there was luring music, and dancing and tables surrounded with bare-shouldered women and reckless men.

"Come on, fellows, here's your girls," called Gurdey as he passed on with the one he had chosen.

Strangely in that instant, the luring picture before Jack was blotted out for a moment, by another. He saw himself sitting at his mother's feet before the open fire in the old home. Her hand was on his head and her dear voice was saying, "For the sake of your future, my boy, keep yourself pure." He stretched out his hand and clutched Dick's arm.

"For God's sake, don't go in there," he whispered hoarsely.

"O what's the matter with you? Don't be a sissy. Come on," and Dick took the hand of the girl beside him and went in.

Jack felt a touch on his arm. A pair of brazen eyes were



raised to his, and two red lips were near his face. There was a whiff of perfume also mixed in the memory he retained.

"If you'd rather, we can go to some other place—or to my room," a subtle voice sounded in his ear and he felt a pressure on his arm.

He shuddered. Then he wheeled about and walked rapidly away. A mocking laugh followed him. The boy quickened his steps and never paused until he was in his own room. He sank upon his knees beside his bed and half sobbing cried out:

"O Mother! Mother!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh, keep your sermons to yourself," said Dick, hotly. It was Saturday morning and Jack was trying to show his friend what a terrible step he had taken last night.

"I guess if fellows like Woodman and Gurdey—and I saw a lot more of them there—can go to places like that it won't hurt me. Why you should have heard them hoot you for your old-fashioned prudishness, as they called it. They say you'll come through all right, though. It's a part of the age."

Jack's face flushed.

"It may be a vice of the age, but I thank God I didn't yield last night. Look here, Dick, you know as well as I do that it's not right. Some day you'll marry. What would the kind of a girl you would want for a wife think of it?"

"Well, in the first place I'm not on the marry road just now. There's plenty of time to reform before that. In the second place the girl wouldn't need to know it. You know where ignorance is bliss and so forth."

"Would you call that fair play? Suppose she had done—"

"Oh, come off, Jack. That argument is as old-fashioned as you are. It won't hold. Women may not exactly like it, but they have to put up with it, so have learned to regard it sensibly. See how popular Woodman and his bunch are with the swellest girls in school. Really it isn't a thing that matters as we have been taught to think it does. Can't you see that you are behind the times, Jack boy?"

"I don't care. I know that I'm right. And some day I'll bet that you'll find out it matters, too." Jack persisted doggedly as he picked up his cap and left the room.

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"I say, Jack, did you see that new beauty sitting by Grace Golding in chapel this morning?" The question was from Dick. He and Jack were seniors now, and the final term was just commencing.

Jack admitted that he had, though he did not confess that Dick's query had sent his heart beating at an uncomfortable rate.

"Well, do you know, old man, I fell in all over the minute I

saw her." Jack might have acknowledged that this described his own plight, but again he kept silent.

"I never saw such eyes, and hair, and well—something else that a fellow can't just describe. A sort of feeling that she is genuine clear through." Jack recognized this as the quality which had first attracted him.

"She's entered school," Dick rattled on. "And she's a senior. She's Grace Golding's cousin and her name is Marian Thorne. She had nearly finished at Radcliffe when her folks moved out here for the health of some member of the family. She's been out a year, but is coming in now to finish up."

"Well, you've found out a good deal in one day," observed Jack.

"And I intend to find out a good deal more. I tell you, old man, I'm clear crazy over her. It's a good thing I'm a privileged senior for I can feel it in my bones that from now on the subjects in the curriculum will be minor ones to me. I wonder if she plays tennis. I believe I'll see if I can't hunt Grace up. I can't wait for an introduction," and Dick left Jack wondering what had so suddenly depressed him.

That was the beginning. From that day, Dick Harrison wooed Marian Thorne with open persistence, and Jack looked on, loving her in silent misery.

Spring came and commencement was almost over. It had been a strenuous, happy, exciting week for the seniors. Most of them were deciding on their future work. Dick had two splendid propositions awaiting his decision. One was a professorship in his alma mater, the other was a commission from a big newspaper syndicate to the war zone.

Jack, much to the disgust of his friend, had succumbed to the entreaties of a persistent school board and accepted the principalship of a struggling high school not far from their country home.

"Have you decided which way your 'ves' is going?" asked Jack, on the last day of commencement week.

"No, but it will be decided for me tonight," Dick answered seriously. "Marian has held me off all these months. Though I try to make myself sure that she cares I can't feel absolutely certain. She's promised to see me tonight alone. She usually insists on two or three of you other cads around. She'll have to answer me. If it's yes, I'll stay here; if it's no, I'll leave tonight for Europe, and I won't care if I never come back."

Jack listened with a pain in his heart that Dick never suspected.

"Well, I have an appointment with Prexy. I had nearly forgotten," Dick resumed, suddenly. "When do you leave?" he asked.

"In the morning. I'm nearly packed."

"Wish you'd give up your sentimental plan about that con-founded high school, Jack, and get into something worth while." But Jack shook his head.

"Well, I must be off. I may go right from Prexy's to see Marian. Wish me luck, old man," and Dick held out his hand.

"Sure," said Jack, with an effort at sincerity, trying to keep back the lump that threatened to choke him.

"She's worth a better man than you are, though, and I hope you'll try to make up to her all you can." Jack was as much surprised at these words as was Dick, who wheeled upon him, de-manding:

"Well, I didn't know I was a criminal. What do you mean?"

"You're above the average, Dick," Jack said, flushing. "No one appreciates that more than I do. You have splendid quali-ties, but," he faltered. "I wish—when I know that you're going to offer yourself to her—oh, I'd give—anything—if—you had al-ways been—straight."

Dick studied the face of his friend for a moment, then burst out angrily:

"Why, I believe you're in love with her, yourself."

Jack opened his lips to deny the fact but his heart would not let the untruth pass. He was silent. Dick's face grew dark.

"You're jealous—you big coward, and now at the last min-ute you want to rob me of her. But you shall not do it. It is not you she loves, and she has sense enough, I'm sure, to not be in-fluenced by such nonsense, even if you do tell her."

Jack's face turned white at the insinuation and his hands clenched. He was about to speak, but Dick burst out again:

"So this is the fellow I thought was my best friend. By gad, I'd like to—" He choked off the sentence and grabbing his hat left the room.

Poor Jack sat stunned. What had possessed him to say such a thing to Dick, calling up a subject which had been tabooed be-tween them for four years. Perhaps Dick was right, after all, and he was nothing but a goody-good, a coward, and now mad with jealousy because someone else was going to carry away the one girl in the world who symbolized womanly perfection to him.

He sat looking from the window in utter misery when his landlady tapped on his door and handed him a telegram.

It was from home. His mother was seriously ill.

Jack snatched up a time-table. Then he crushed the cloth-ing he had not already packed into his trunk, flew down the stairs, gave some hurried directions to the landlady, and was on his way to catch a homeward train which left in twenty minutes.

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"I cannot answer until I know you better." The words were spoken in a low, tremulous voice, and Marian Thorne's grey eyes

met the earnest blue ones which had helped to plead Dick's cause.

"Know me better! Why, Marian, haven't we been together nearly every day for five months. Haven't we compared views on every subject under the sun? We have about the same religious and philosophic views; we like the same sort of amusement, and I'm more than willing to change in any way you want me to. Come, dear, I must have my answer. I've told you about the two openings I have. My decision rests upon yours. I thought we were pretty well acquainted. What is it you don't know about me?"

The girl hesitated, and her eyes sought the floor, while two red spots began to burn on her cheeks. Her position was harder than she had been able to imagine.

"Won't you tell me, Marian?" Dick pleaded, reaching for her hand.

"I will if I can," she answered, withdrawing her hand. "But it is very hard and you may not understand."

"Go on, I'll try."

"You—you have met my—sister," she began, falteringly, "and poor little Phyllis."

"Yes," Dick answered gently, and the picture of a frail wreck of a woman and a beautiful, blind child came before him.

"You would scarcely believe," the girl went on, "that five years ago Alice was as young and full of life and happiness and hope as I am now, and a great deal more beautiful."

"No one in the world could be more beautiful," the listening lover protested.

"I've no doubt that Fred told Alice that many times as well as all the other sweet, wonderful things you have told me to-night. No picture could be brighter than the one he painted of their future. He was handsome and young and wealthy and flattered of the world. We all regarded him as a splendid match for Alice. They were married and went away for their honeymoon. I don't think anyone could be happier than they were when we bade them goodbye. They went to Europe and were gone for five months." The girl's voice suddenly choked with emotion, and she paused for control. When she continued it was in a low voice, tense with feeling.

"When they returned, Alice was like a ghost of her former self, and the happiness had gone from both of their faces. Alice grew worse and worse and Fred more wretchedly despondent. In a year little Phyllis was born. Her eyes were affected. The doctors said there was only one chance in a thousand to save her sight. Alice was an invalid for life, and Fred heart-broken because he knew better than anyone else that he was the cause of this wreck of their happiness. When the doctors told him the baby would never see—he—committed suicide."



Marian paused again. Her eyes were still on the floor and the two red spots burned on her cheeks. She seemed to be waiting for Dick to speak, but something choked him.

"I think I need not tell you what was the cause of that tragedy, but I vowed then that I would not give my love to any man until I was absolutely sure that he held to the same standard that I do. There can be no double standard. I have kept my soul and body pure as a priceless gift for my husband. He must bring the same precious gift to me. It has been hard to say these things, but there is no other way to make the future safe."

She had not looked at him and she went on, little knowing that each word was a dagger in his heart.

"I have liked you, Dick, but I could not give my love until I was sure. Did—you bring my—gift—to me?" She lifted her eyes and held out both hands. But at the sight of his haggard, pain-drawn face, a little cry escaped her lips and her hands dropped.

"Oh," she breathed, brokenly, "I didn't know before how much I hoped."

The man sank his head into his hands with a groan. His frame trembled. They sat so in silence for a time. The girl's face grew calm, but he was the first to speak.

"Oh, Marian, must this wreck our happiness? Since I saw you my life has been irreproachable. If I had always known you I would have been all that you ask, but before, I did not know it mattered. Can you not forgive the past when you know the future will be all that you ask?"

"If you did not think enough of yourself to keep yourself sacred for the great purpose of life, how can you expect so much of another? Besides, you bring your gift to me broken, and expect mine unmarred in return." Her tone told him that his cause had perished. He staggered to his feet. She held out her hand and said kindly:

"I shall always be your friend, Dick, and I hope that now you know it does matter, you will still keep your life 'irreproachable'."

He could not answer her. Stunned and disappointed, he left the house. Once outside he sought a telegraph office and wired his acceptance to the newspaper syndicate. A few hours later, as the train was carrying him swiftly toward New York, he thought it all over, and could but acknowledge the justice of his punishment. His thoughts turned to Jack's words, and he made two resolves; one that he would write to Jack as soon as he reached his destination, the other that as soon as he was in a position financially to do so, he would dedicate his life to a campaign against the evil which had wrecked his happiness.

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Jack had spent the summer on the coast with his mother. She

was now almost as well as ever, and he was bringing her home. They had stopped off for a few hours in Stratton for Jack to meet the school board of the Stratton high school. His school would open in two weeks.

Making his mother comfortable in a hotel, Jack went out to find the president of the school board. A maid at the door of the president's house informed him that Mr. Harper had gone to a lecture in the Young People's Christian Association Hall, just around the corner of the next block. She said it was about time for the meeting to be out and invited Jack to wait. He was anxious to become acquainted with the town, so decided to walk over to the building.

He entered the vestibule leading into the main hall and stood waiting. A woman's voice came to him from the rostrum. It was a sweet, low voice and sounded strangely familiar. Instinctively Jack entered the hall and stood before a pillar. He started as he recognized the figure, standing before that spell-bound audience, as Marian Thorne. He leaned against the pillar for support. What did it mean? He had supposed that she and Dick were married and all summer he had been trying to forget the pain in his heart. She was dressed simply in black, and she had never seemed so beautiful to Jack as she did now, her face lighted with emotion, her slender form bent slightly forward and her hands extended toward her audience. It was some time before Jack could focus his mind onto what she was saying. She was concluding her lecture.

"Keep yourselves pure, my girls. More jealously than you would guard a casket of priceless jewels, guard your own virtue. Keep that most precious of all jewels, as a sacred gift for your husband on your wedding day, and demand the same matchless gift of the man with whom you kneel at the altar, into whose keeping you place your future happiness." She stopped and disappeared from the rostrum. There was a hush in the big room and then people began to move toward the doors. Jack Bates still stood against the pillar. He was aroused by a voice calling his name. Mr. Harper stood before him with extended hand.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Bates. I received your letter and beg your pardon for keeping you waiting after the time of our appointment, but we had a splendid lecture which I didn't like to miss."

Jack found his voice.

"Can you tell me where Miss Thorne the lady who lectured is staying?"

"She came in with Reverend Jackson and his wife. They live in the third house south, across the street. Shall we go now and talk over those school matters?"

"Please excuse me for a half hour, Mr. Harper. I must see

Miss Thorne. She is an old school-mate of mine," and Jack Bates left the school board president wondering at the strange behavior of the young man they had been so eager to secure.

Jack was met at the door of the parsonage by the minister himself, who showed him into the drawing room. Marian came forward with both hands extended and an unmistakable welcome in her eyes. They began talking of mutual friends at college. Soon the minister excused himself and left them alone. A constraint fell between. After a pause, Jack went to the window where Marian was sitting. She did not look at him. He studied her face for a moment and an overwhelming longing to claim this girl he had loved so long swept over him.

"Marian," he breathed softly, touching her hand, his eyes were full of the words he could not speak. She turned and looked at him for a long second, then said in a low tone:

"In a letter Dick has told me all about you. I did not know you cared. I was going to spend my life on the lecture platform—but—but,—" she did not complete the sentence. Jack took both her hands, a glad light springing into his face.

"Come, let us go to my mother. It is to her that I owe the strength with which I kept my gift for you."

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### The Year's Crown

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Again the promise of the gracious dawn

Of earth's east-risen Day-star! Ringing clear,

"Peace and Good-will to men," heaven's chime, we hear,

And selfish souls to kindlier deeds are born,

While lives of want and care are less forlorn.

In green-girt home many from far and near

Will gather now, and Names to memory dear

Invoke by fire-side glow—without, the Storm.

"The lowly Babe within a manger lay."—

A carol swells upon the wind-swept town.

The joy of earth's Child-hearted mingles meet

In love and mirth that Birthday Morn to greet:—

The sacred light of Christmas shines to crown

The Year, like Charlemagne crowned on Christmas Day.

# Italy and Japan in the War

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BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER

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## ITALY

People are often asking if Italy has really accomplished anything in the present war. Italy has adopted a strategy wholly different from that of Russia, though it must not be understood that Russia's rapid plunge into Austria and Germany, at the outset of the war, was not, under the peculiar conditions of those times, the very best thing to do. It gave the English and the French a chance to entrench themselves and hold the positions against the future German drive. Russia accomplished that purpose, and was driven back later by the great drive through Galicia and Russian Poland. The situation was so grave in western Europe that the Russians had no time to fortify themselves as they went. In the case of Italy, hasty action was not demanded, so Italy has prepared herself to hold every foot of ground that she wins. Her position, at present, (October) in the Trentino is regarded as impregnable. That had first to be secured.

Her next move was the great Corso plateau and with Gorizia. Recent dispatches announce that the plateau of Corso is almost entirely in the hands of Italians, and that Gorizia's fall is imminent. When that military work has been accomplished, the Italians will immediately put themselves on the defensive there and make it cost the Austrians at least three men for every one in an attempt to move them. It is only a little more than twenty miles from Gorizia down to Trieste, and with the Corso plateau in the hands of the Italians, the fall of Trieste is certain.

Italy's offensive movement could not, in the nature of things, be over the Alpine mountains of Trent. The cost to her in men would be too great. She could not make her advance very well along northwest of Gorizia, because that district of country was not favorable for an offensive movement. These two war fronts had to be captured and fortified by the Italians before they could begin their offensive movement by way of Trieste over the leveler country along the coast of Dalmatia. The Italian campaign, therefore, may be said to have been conducted in such a manner as to eliminate the success of an Austro-German drive such as that from which the Russians suffered. The Italian front is a very short one, but it is also an extremely difficult one, more



difficult than the front of any other nation now at war with Germany and Austria.

If the Italians now are in a position to take an offensive movement eastward across Dalmatia, they may threaten the Austrians and Germans in the rear, in the effort of these central powers to make a drive across the Balkans. A million Italian soldiers along the Dalmatian front would require at least two million soldiers of the enemy to maintain the basis of their supply.

The most wonderful tactics of the great war, the greatest generalship and the war's greatest problems, really await their solution in the present so-called Austro-German drive across the Balkan mountains, on to the plains of Macedonia, and thence into Asia Minor which is really, after all, the greatest plum of the war.

### JAPAN

Will Japanese soldiers fight in Europe? At the beginning of the war, Japan took part in running down the German vessels that were preying upon the commerce of the Allies. They wrested from Germany Kiaochau and with it the German influence in the great province of Chatong. These conflicts with Germany were easily understood, because they had directly to do with vital Japanese interests. There was a further question about which there has been frequent speculation, and that is the willingness of the Japanese and the consent of the Europeans to have that oriental power place its soldiers along side those of the Allies in the battle lines of Europe.

It has seemed all along to the writer that the inevitable result of the Japanese recent international arrangement would lead to her participation in the European struggle on land. Whatever may be said about the great European war on the grounds of individual and state freedom, it is in a large measure, after all, a war of conquest, and Japan has her price. What is it?

It is a price in the first instance that Russia must pay. Money indemnities cannot in the very nature of things be at all adequate for the victorious parties. Indemnities must come through territorial aggrandizement. Japan would be very glad to have Russia move back from the city of Harbin in Manchuria to the northern shores of the Amoor river. Japan would like concessions in Vladivostock and perhaps the exclusive control of that port, though Russian Siberia and Russian claims in Mongolia make that port equally a necessity to Russia.

If Russia must cede these large interests in eastern Asia, there must be in return a large compensation elsewhere as an inducement. That means that France and England would have to reimburse Russia at Constantinople and in Asia Minor. So, indi-

rectly England and France would have to surrender some of the good things they have in anticipation, to Russia, in order to justify Russia in letting Japan have what she wants. It is a very large mathematical problem, and to save disputations after the war, it has to be worked out in detail, and it is a fairly good guess, when we venture the belief, that for some time the allied diplomats and those of Japan have had their slates and pencils and sponges occupied in hunting the answers to scores of problems to which the Japanese demands will naturally give rise.

Heretofore the four allied powers have believed in their ability to cope with the situation, but behind that belief was a determination of the Allies that they would win even if Japan had to be called in. And it really looks today (October) as if Japan was in a good position to demand and receive her price. It's a big one, but really Japan has the goods to deliver. She has two million of perhaps the best fighting men in the world, well officered, well equipped, that she is able to put on the fighting line within six months' time.

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### God Reigns Above

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The deep-pealing thunder, that jars on the lattice;  
The lightning enwrapping the earth like a shroud;  
The fierce breath of nature, that moans at the casement;  
The heavy, black clouds that o'ercast the blue sky;  
The sunlight, just peeping above the brown hilltops;  
The cataract, leaping in wide sheets of spray;  
The fluttering of leaves in the breeze of the morning;  
The dashing of waves on the sea's sandy shore,—  
All tell me that God reigns above in the heavens,  
And governs the world he has shaped with his power.

The mild-tempered zephyrs, that cool my hot forehead,  
The dewdrops that gleam on the roses at morn,  
The tread of the fawn, from her couch in the thicket,  
The hoot of the owl, from the turrets dull gloom,  
The moonlight that glides o'er the earth like a spectre,  
The stars sinking back in their orbits from view,  
The day following night, and the march of the seasons,  
The seas and the fountains, all fixed in their course,—  
All tell me that God reigns above in the heavens,  
And governs the world he has shaped with his power.

LOGAN, UTAH

SARAH E. MITTON

# Human Nature Not Explained by Evolution

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BY ROBERT C. WEBB

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[This article is a continuation of a series of contributions by the same author, which appeared in Volumes XVII and XVIII of the ERA. The earlier writings have dealt more particularly with the development of organisms, and the bearing of the doctrine of "Evolution" thereon; the present article treats the subject of the varied traits and tendencies of man as summarized under the title "Human Nature," and considers the origin and source thereof. While each article is complete in itself, students are advised to study the entire series. Further contributions on allied topics will follow.—EDITORS.]

In dealing with human nature, the evolution philosophy starts, of course, with the assumption that man, like all other living things, is a product of the alleged process, in which the primeval, "indefinite homogeneous," protoplasmic moneron eventuates into progressively more and more complex manifestations of some original activity of a chemical, electrical or analogous description. Hence, as is confidently assumed, the traits and characteristics of the human animal, as seen in present life or in history, are only so many indications of "developmental stages," rather than the proper attributes of living organisms, manifesting within various limiting environments. Thus, in affairs moral and mental, as well as in those physical, our modern "philosophers" profess to find the evidences of a "continuous progressive change" in human history, attributing the failures of past and present—the outworkings of man's ignorance or wickedness—to his "imperfect development" and his organic or functional incompleteness. The view seems to be that, in the words of Emerson, evil or sin, as we term it, is only "good in the making," and that the inevitable result for the race must be mental and moral perfection (completeness), just as "a snake's egg hatched takes scale and fang," as a bird's egg, "through nature's alchemy," forms feathers, beak and wings, or as a man, on arriving at maturity—properly and normally, although not invariably—will "put away childish things." This fatuous and really hopeless form of "optimism" flatly contradicts all that may be certainly demonstrated in the premises. The notion that the characteristic manifestations of man's sin, ignorance and general inefficiency as a biological factor are only, and properly speaking, so many evidences of mediate stages in the development of quite contrary qualities—precisely as the uncouth grub or caterpillar is a mediate stage in the production of the

graceful or gorgeous moth or butterfly—is nearly the grossest and most unscientific blunder imaginable, unless, indeed, such scourges as marasmus, infant paralysis, scarlet fever and diphtheria, which will, unfortunately, occasionally afflict the young, are to be classed with “growing pains” and the common “maladies of childhood.”

In the effort to form a really scientific judgment—one which is in accord with all evident facts—we may consider every animal or vegetable organism as a machine calculated for the achievement of some definite, even if undiscovered, functions in the natural order. For example, a paleontologist, having discovered the fossil remnants of some creature possessing bony structures suggesting wings, inevitably concludes that, in life, it must have exercised the power of flight, so far, at least, as its other anatomical proportions could permit. Indeed, the scientist holds as a fundamental principle in judgment—quite apart also from any “philosophical” theory whatsoever—that the presence of any anatomical feature indicates a definite corresponding utility, unless environing influence has compelled such modification as tends to render organs and functions ineffective or rudimentary. Nor have scientific theorists ever favored the idea that rudimentary and defective organs may be “prophetic” of some future exercise of function, rather than “reminiscent” of its exercise in the past. If an organ is not used for the discharge of its proper logical function, the conclusion has always held that the creature’s environment is to blame, in beginning and continuing the habit of disuse, or the cultivation of some other function at its expense. Thus the ostrich’s great power as a runner, with the consequent immense development of his leg bones and muscles, might be held to have contributed directly to the disuse of his wings for any form of self-propulsion, and their ultimate atrophy. Further persistence in such lines has been accounted full explanation for such birds as *Dinornis* and *Apteryx*, whose wings, utterly absent, have, apparently, disappeared.

By consideration of his anatomical features the human animal may be seen to possess very many elements of resemblance to tailless apes, or “*Primates*,” also to several of the tailed *Quadrumanæ*. He differs from all such animals, however, in several notable particulars, conspicuously in the fact that he is constructed to walk erect, has but one pair of prehensile hands, instead of two pair, and is equipped with a brain, which, as it seems, in size, conformation and functioning alike, differentiates him definitely from all other creatures in nature. In addition to its greater size, power, and complexity, the human brain seems to be capable of certain orders of function, which are, apparently, absent in other animals. Human mental operations are characterized by a certain “flexibility” or “versatility,” by which an impulse, originated in some



definite sense experience, may follow any of several possible diverse paths into action or ideation, instead of one or two, merely, as in other animals. Coupled with this fact, there may be held to be, also, a larger range of activity within which conscious thinking seems able to modify the fundamental and "unconscious" activities of the brain. But, because in man, as in other animals, the essential processes of thought or mentation are properly unconscious, precisely as are those of digestion, assimilation, etc., and because, in usual and normal operation, apparently, an idea or concept does not emerge into the "conscious mind," except in its mature or completed form—no matter how much it may have been "cogitated" consciously in the meantime—it seems possible to hold that the commonly-followed habit, be it "acquired," or not, of attempting to make the brain function consciously, during the essential process of deriving a concept or forming a conclusion, must be, in very many cases, a real order of interference. Such "interference," if so it is correct to term it, certainly involves a wider range of differences in ideas and concepts than is warranted by the facts dealt with, particularly those involved in the consideration of the essential conditions of life, and seems to furnish some explanation for the "superficiality" and "illogicality," so conspicuous in human thought, past and present. Indeed, as study of the subject may reveal, we have to deal, in the history of thought, not so much with what people really think—with what their opinions and convictions really amount to, when carefully related to the findings of other capable minds—but rather with what people seem to "think that they think." This is true, because, as seems reasonable to claim, the brain functions according to certain laws, just as do the other organs of the body, which are involved in its structure, and that the results produced, when sufficiently analyzed, differ less in their import and implications, than in the number of facts available to the organ of thought.

Man differs, also, from virtually every other animal in nature, as has been indicated by Mr. Darwin, and other investigators, in the apparent total absence of "special instincts." He comes into the world with no informed tendency to build his home in some definite fashion, characteristic of his species, as do most birds and some mammals, and seems to possess no innate ability to discriminate healthful from unhealthful foods, nor yet to so conduct his individual behavior as to subserve his own best interests and safety, as is done, apparently, by all other animals in the state of nature. As a general definition, we may say that instinct is an automatic, coordinate, usually "unconscious," knowledge of the proper functioning of the organism, or parts of it, which can so direct functional activities, general or particular, as to retain them within limits normal to the organism concerned. Being, in

some way, constituted by the coordination or structure of the organism, it determines the character and range of its activities in a manner comparable to that by which the essential characters of the various material substances in nature are expressed in their chemical or physical properties. If, therefore, any phase of instinctive operation in an organism is so modified that its "authority" is neutralized, to any extent, it seems evident that the result must be such distortion of function, as must involve some of the lines of behavior that are abnormal or harmful.

A certain prominent scientist—was it not Dawson?—has remarked that "man is the only animal that is out of harmony with the laws of his own being." This alleged fact may be explained, in part at least, by the elements noted above, or it may indicate another set of considerations. However, without attempting to determine, *a priori*, precisely what are the laws of being thus, supposedly, disregarded, it seems in place to call attention to the historic absence of the mentally or physically perfect man. Nor need we understand by this expression any order of exalted or deific "superman." The perfect man is merely the normal man, as it is reasonable to assume, existed in the contemplation of the great Designer of Creation: in other words, a creature capable of exercising his several functions normally and to the end of maintaining his type, and using all structures involved in his organism for their proper purposes, without disuse or misuse. We may understand all this better by a figure. Thus, an engineer, in examining some new, or unfamiliar, machine, to determine its probable use or purpose, logically assumes that each separate component or device embodied in the total structure has its definite function, and, that it is not included for mere ornament or mystification. Such elements, therefore, would play an important part in the formation of his judgment on the machine in question, and he would, undoubtedly, interpret the failure of any of them to work as an indication that the total machine is "out of order." Considering the total man, mental and physical, in the light of this analogy, the conclusion is inevitable that he, also, is, somehow, "out of order." Such assumption might be held as explanation of the failure of the "normal man" to appear in history.

Without considering any of the so-called "vestigial" or rudimentary structures found in the human body—the vermiform appendix, pituitary bodies, etc., as mentioned by numerous anatomists—it is in place to call attention to the large number of muscles that have little or no use in the average of individuals; the high percentage of organic or functional defects among the people affected by so-called "civilized" conditions, particularly the numerous distressing shortcomings of "character" and general tendencies in conduct, physical or mental, and, most evident, the familiar

"stasis"—as we may term it—of the brain functions, which constitutes the ignorance and sodden stupidity of so large a number of human beings. All such things are definitely abnormal and defective, as must be apparent when we compare the powers and capacities of one set of individuals with others. Thus, certain savages possess a keen scent, like dogs, and other animals, or are capable of the greatest endurance of hardship and suffering that puts to shame the inabilities of some of the rest of us. There is no good reason why that all of these, and some others, should not be the common possessions of humanity, together with normal intelligence and reasonable "morality." But the facts are far different, no matter what the explanation. This contention may be further illustrated by a slight digression. By general consent, in the speaking of English, we describe certain differing phases of conduct as "brutal," "bestial," and "animal," intending, in these words, to designate actions that are definitely antithetical to all that is properly to be called "human." It is impossible, nevertheless, to deny that no brute can be "brutal," in the sense implied in human "brutality;" that no beast in nature manifests the lines of behavior, or misbehavior, popularly idealized in the adjective "bestial;" while the word "animal," used to describe human tendency, involves high injustice to our "dumb contemporaries," with only a very gentle and indulgent rebuke to the condemned failings in mankind. Nor are these differences merely verbal.

The conditions outlined above render necessary the extensive training and cultivation of the young, known as education in the broadest sense. If considered as indicating the impartation of information on the numerous special subjects, which have been developed and elaborated by human effort throughout time, education is, of course, necessary and indispensable, as not otherwise, in the present world, at least, could such knowledge be imparted. In another aspect, however, education—considered as a deliberately-exercised influence of some order—must also provide to compensate the actual—and apparently inherent—defects of all growing minds. Without it, at least, we find usually, not only lack of information in the branches of knowledge usually imparted to the young, but also inability to use mental powers except within a very narrow range of expression. We all understand the sort of limitations usually expected in a person who is, in a real and representative sense "ignorant." Thus, although every normal human being comes into the world with a definitely-recognizable human brain, he must be trained to use it, except in the simplest and most commonplace concerns of life, quite as if it were some artificial machine of unfamiliar and complicated construction, in order to avoid errors and practical defects impossible to the mental processes of any normal "lower animal" in the state of nature. Every

human individual is predetermined by instinct and environment alike to become a member or factor in a social order of some description; yet, unless trained in tribal rules and cults—if no better influence is available—and very often, even when so trained, he is liable to develop and exercise only the simplest of the ethical virtues, or to become a “rogue,” a parasite, or other description of social absurdity. Considered sociologically, man of the “primitive” type, as might be argued, is the one most readily to be kept within the control of rules and customs, properly to be classed as “moral” and “lawful,” but, even with him, as seems to be the case in general, the highest reach of “virtue” is submission to authority more or less absolute, and corresponds to no impulse original in himself, unless his respect for a compelling power be rated a “virtue.” Thus, while the average individual submits willingly to such “authority” as can make a show of real force—and how else can we derive an explanation for man’s submission to the numerous systems of oppression and tyranny, with which history abounds—his “obedience” seems to extend no further than the “authority” seems to reach, and fails entirely when the authority claiming his allegiance shows qualities other than the power to compel and to punish. Thus, even with man’s ready submission to evident force, there has always been a very real conflict between the individual and the mass of individuals, known as society. For this reason laws and standards of righteousness have always been promulgated by society, or by its federal heads or masters, in order to restrain the activities of individuals within the limits considered safe and proper. Sometimes such laws and standards have been just and reasonable; very often they have been unjust, oppressive and unreasonable; in general, they have proved exceedingly ineffective in promoting co-operation between the individual and the mass. All this may be due to the fact that laws and ordinances in history have never embodied really “scientific methods” of dealing with the human organism and its involved tendencies, but it follows, quite as probably, on the fact that man in the mass has seldom, if ever, been better than any individual belonging to the mass. Just as the traditional “chain is no stronger than its weakest link,” so also no human society seems to have proved itself better than its greatest rogue or wiser than its basest imbecile; since, like the chain, human society is a composite of individual factors, whose defects must be of general, rather than of merely local significance. In other words, the weak points are “danger points,” which reduce the “breaking strength” of the total, and limit its endurance.

At this point, it may be, we can clearly discern the fact that the phenomena to be observed in the life of human social organisms present startling contrasts to the mass-activities of any of the



"lower animals" in the state of nature. In these latter connections the rule is the realization of good practical harmony and reasonable efficiency in maintaining the interests of individuals; as well as those of the mass. We may conclude, therefore, that there is to be seen in human societies an element strikingly suggestive of departure from nature's standards in some notable particulars. This "unnatural" element has been explained as evidence of some process in human history, by which the "animal is sloughed off" and the "human is perfected," and of a stage in the grand development, through which, eventually, "spiritual capacities will be perfected." The strongest reason why this may not be accepted as an explanation of the conditions is that in none of the manifestations of the evidently "unnatural" condition of human nature is there to be found a rational warrant for evil and inefficient consequences in human associations, or in human individuals. Turning to nature for our analogies, we find that every creature seems perfectly adapted to function profitably and efficiently in its proper environment, and that, at no stage in its growth, does any one of them manifest disharmonious traits, comparable to those found with man. The larva of the frog, toad, or salamander, for example, is a perfectly-equipped water-dweller, and its perfect adaptation to its temporary environment is reduced in no particular, because of the fact that it is evidently destined to an air-breathing amphibian maturity. Even in the case of such "intermediate types" as the lancelet, or amphioxus, and the ascidian—representatives, as stated, of the general tendencies in invertebrates to develop the physical characteristics of vertebrates—do we discover any variation from the apparently universal rule of nature that each species is perfect in its proper life-environment, and functions precisely as if its type were the ultimate reach and permanent achievement of the natural energy, whatever its description or methods of working, that has produced it. The fact that neither of these creatures shows any "physical instability," nor any tendency to vary from its properly "intermediate" characteristics and approximate, occasionally and sporadically, in eccentric individuals, more nearly true "vertebrate" or "invertebrate" structures, is typical of all natural "intermediate forms" found in the classification of organisms.

Because, however, the human animal has always manifested traits and characteristics contrary to this rule of nature, and contrary to the laws of his own being—if, indeed, these are to be deduced from the facts indicated by his structure and capabilities, as is the case with all other organisms—also, contrary to his own best interests and happiness, the conclusion seems inevitable that his historic condition of mal-functioning indicates, precisely, a lapse of some description, either from his proper and normal environment, or from a condition of ability to function normally and

harmoniously in any environment at all. When, indeed, we consider what a splendid animal the human might be, and could be, if all the elements of his physical structure, now largely disused and neglected, and all the mental powers and capacities—occasionally developed, but usually merely latent and potential—could have their proper use and expression, the conclusion that the “low-efficiency” results, achieved by him, in historic experience, indicate merely functional (and total) disuse and misuse seems the only consistently scientific and rational verdict in the premises. In other words, the characteristic functioning of the human organism—considered as a mechanism actuated by vital, mental or spiritual energies, and adapted, apparently, to the achievement of results that never appear—is entirely abnormal and defective, and any attempt to explain it otherwise can achieve an appearance of “conclusiveness” only by neglecting a large proportion of the relevant facts. This is the very thing done by “evolutionists.”

The foremost consideration in dealing with the situation under discussion is the fact known as “evil” or “sin.” Whatever may be the real nature and sufficient description of this fact, its prime characteristic is irrationality. Whatever may have been its real origin in time—if such origin it had apart from man—its characteristic is a definite tendency toward conditions strongly suggestive of analogy to pathological and degenerative developments of physical and mental disease, such as are properly cognized by pathologists. While, as is highly probable, the facts connected with “evil,” as we term it, are very imperfectly understood, and while, in its commoner manifestations, it appears rather as a general and inevitable “anti-social tendency” in the individual—rendering him, in varying degrees, unfitted for association with his fellows—the fact remains that the higher and ultimate developments, as expressed in the great crimes of history, can be described as nothing other than abnormal, insane, and at variance with all that could properly be attributed to “natural causes” of any variety. From the standpoint of motives, therefore, the terms, “normal” and “abnormal,” are more nearly descriptive, in a scientific sense, rather than the more general and indefinite terms, “good” and “evil.” Thus, the evident sanction of “good behavior” lies in the fact that it is normal to the human individual and society, as indicating the things demanded for their well-being and permanence; while, apart from all religious significance, the sufficient condemnation of all “evil behavior” lies in the fact that it is contrary to the well-being and continuation of both, leading inevitably to degeneration and dissolution.

Most writers of the “evolution school,” with characteristic contempt for fact and logic, have argued that the “moral law,” so-called,—by this expression we are to understand the formal state-

ment of the lines of conduct consistent with proper and essential righteousness ("normality")—is not, as Kant held, involved in the structure of the mind, or "reason," and the inevitable expression of its essential principles in words, but a thing of extraneous development, a mere codification of historic customs and conventions. This contention is only one of the numerous errors, championed by otherwise intelligent people, for the mere purpose of upholding an hypothesis (and "philosophy") that is impotent to explain the facts of human life. The evidence to the contrary is to be found in the fact that the fundamental principles of the moral law are evidently involved and necessary forms in the normal expression of the "practical reason" lines of conduct instinctively suggested to the will of the really normal (rationally-minded) man, and consistent, precisely, with his best interests, both individual and social.

Because man is a social being, instinctively or automatically—probably, also, inevitably—associating himself with gangs, clans, tribes, nations, of his fellows, he seems to be mentally and morally "shaped and squared" to take his proper place in any such structures, and, on the whole, inclines or intends to do and refrain from doing, in accord with the principles on which society is also constituted. For example, he inclines to refrain from murder, the killing of his own kind, within his clan limits, at least, because—and quite apart from other, or "higher" considerations—the killing of one individual by another is inconsistent with the instinct of association, with all that it involves, and with the very existence of the social order, with its protective and other advantages to himself and his offspring, and to the perpetuation of its natural guarantees of safety and comfort. The act is, in so far, abnormal and irrational, therefore, and he inclines so strongly to refrain from its commission that we hear of the traditional horror and qualms of the murderer, originated, doubtless, in his conviction that, in murdering, he has really violenced himself and his own instincts. The individual inclines to refrain, normally, from theft, since the enjoyment of possessions sufficient to his natural needs is a necessity, and the act of stealing is inconsistent with the maintenance of a social order that, normally and in all righteousness, should guarantee him in his "certain inalienable rights of life, \* \* \* and the pursuit of happiness." Whatever he may incline to do to members of other communities, or, indeed, to members of his own, when public morality has so far degenerated—and the trouble is that it usually does degenerate—as to allow society to forget or neglect its protective function in the matter of safe-guarding its members from exploitation and spoliation, is a matter related entirely to what he considers his own self-interest in the premises. So with the other lines of conduct demanded by the moral law: they are mere practical corollaries of the instinctive discern-

ment of the requirements of social order, and of the individual's relation to it; ultimately, also, of the wisest and most sufficient self-interest.

Indeed, all laws and principles of the moral code are, in the last analysis, neither more nor less than statements of the fundamental working principles of human society. Thus, the "Golden Rule," so called, is a very olden rule, the ultimate principle involved in all associations of individuals. Confucius summed its requirements in the one word, "reciprocity," and every reflecting mind must recognize its perfection, as "theory," at least, no matter how much habit and stupidity have constrained him to neglect it in practice. And this follows because of the fact, which instinct clearly indicates, that "we are all members one of another." For these reasons, the moral law and "true religion and undefiled" demand nothing of anyone but that which he is designed, normally and ultimately, to perform. That this is the correct understanding of the matter, whether the term moral law, be considered a consciously-observed code of rules and principles, or the unconsciously and instinctively followed laws, involved in the structure of the being—"written on the inward parts"—and necessary to the achievement of every good end whatsoever, even to the continuance of life itself, is evident in the fact, as indicated by several writers, that the "lower animals" in the state of nature observe the principles of individual and social righteousness and justice, quite as fully as the average of mankind, and much more regularly.

Although the subject of "animal morality" is not perfectly understood or developed, the known facts on the behavior of wild animals are sufficient to enable us to mark vivid contrasts with the morals of humanity. To be sure, as must be said, in order to forestall probable misapprehensions, it cannot be pretended that nature displays any promising approximations to the ancient prophet-poet's anticipations of a condition in which "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid." All that belongs in a world very different from the present one. Nevertheless, among individuals of the same species, "tribe" or community of animals, we find an "instinctive" adherence to the principles of sound morals and mutual rights, which are, simply speaking, "worthy of all acceptance." The particular acts and lines of conduct notable in animals differ according to the species, structure and habits in all cases; but the rule is that, above and beyond such manifestations, lie the same principles of "righteousness" that mankind have always been urged to observe. This fact justifies the belief that such principles inhere in the constitution of the universe, and that their authority is ultimate.



Among the higher animals the impulse toward association of individuals seems to be based largely upon considerations of self-interest, and, unlike human associations, leads directly to the safe-guarding of such interest. Although the law of struggle and the "survival of the fittest"—which is to say, the strongest, swiftest or craftiest—may hold in nature, the struggle is between alien races, and not between groups or individuals of the same species or community. In no case, among the higher animals, at least, do we find that individual craft and power is exercised for the suppression and subordination of other individuals of the same species—unless we except the practices of ants, bees, etc., by which certain individuals are systematically deprived of their power of reproduction, for the benefit of the community. Such acts, however, are effective far more evidently for the good of the species, its continuance, etc., than for the benefit, convenience, etc., of the "queens," as the community mothers are called. Still, although the law of selfishness holds among animals, and each one is interested, primarily, in his own nourishment and preservation, this rule of behavior is tempered by a reasonable limit: no animal will eat more than he needs, and none of them will store up more than he needs, nor do we find that any of them exercises such superior strength, skill, etc., as he may possess, to accumulate hoards of useless possessions, to the disadvantage of his fellows. The detestable phase of parasitism, which, in a very real sense, preys upon its own kind, profiting at the expense of the wants and misfortunes of its fellows, and growing great on their life and labors, is reserved for man, a creature "made in the image of God," as we are told. Furthermore, as authorities seem to suggest, combats, between individuals of the same species among animals, are, in general, not fatal—more especially is this true, as alleged, among the more formidable brutes—and none of them will practice cannibalism, unless under the aggravated conditions of starvation.

Wild dogs of various species usually associate in packs. If in any pack there are individuals who are swifter, keener, or craftier than the others, their talents are exercised for the benefit of all, and all thrive in consequence. The great cats, being the most formidable of all mammals, and the best fitted to protect and provide for themselves, are the least social, living usually as isolated pairs, and only occasionally hunting in numbers. Many of the herbivores, animals less able in defense against beasts of prey, are often found in extensive hordes or droves, evidently because of the advantages in defense, protection of the young, etc. Among the more intelligent of the gregarious brutes, such as elephants, high standards of ethical virtue seem to be observed, as may be seen in the assistance given a wounded elephant by sev-

eral of his comrades, or in the rescue of one fallen into a pit. Many observers claim that wild animals recognize the "law of property," to the extent, at least, of respecting the metes and bounds of the "ranges," preempted by fellow-individuals or packs, of the same species, and in refraining from robbing their caches of food, or invading their homes or burrows. The rule does not work, of course, between animals of alien species, but, as it would seem, is ensured by some highly-effective imperative between individuals belonging to the same natural group. Thus, while birds of one species will often try to oust representatives of another from a desirable nesting-place, we find no reliable evidence to the contrary of the contention that such brigandage is always practiced upon aliens.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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## Satisfy Yourself

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It is not what people say about you—it's what you are that counts. The one person in all this world whom you should aim to satisfy is yourself. You alone know yourself. Other people know your outward appearance, your actions, your deeds. You, and you alone, know your motives, your ambitions, your thoughts.

Are you satisfied with yourself? It is your own fault if you are not. Are you satisfied that you are doing the best you can in your work, that you are making the most of your time? Are you confident that your conduct toward your family, your friends, your neighbors, your employer, can not be improved?

Look yourself straight in the face this morning, in your mind's looking-glass. Ask yourself whether it is what people say about you or what you are that hurts. Analyze your own conduct in all matters.

Put yourself in the other fellow's place and try to see your actions through his eyes. Imagine that you are your employer instead of yourself. Answer honestly whether, if he knew as much about yourself, he would discharge you or would raise your wages. If you do this conscientiously there are many things you will do differently.

Remember this, too. Other people's opinion of you is based on your opinion of yourself. Are you self-respecting? Other people will respect you. Are you truthful? The world will believe you. Are you honest? Everyone will trust you.

But weigh yourself frequently. Weigh yourself carefully. Be certain that your own opinion of yourself is justified. Be satisfied with yourself.—*American Magazine*.

## The Man with a Scar

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BY JOSEPH W. FOX

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The threshing crew sat in the grateful shade of the water tank with the full satisfaction of a well placed dinner, awaiting the termination of the noon hour, when the long-drawn shriek of the whistle would send them back to the ever swirling, choking cloud of dust and chaff, and the wearisome thump, thump, of the separator.

The new man, a stranger, transient, old in the experience of the road, but young in years, came out of the cook-shack and joined the crew, whose freshly washed faces contrasted oddly with their clothes and hair and hats of the same unvarying, uncertain, dusty color.

"My name is Gleason, Jack Gleason," said the new man, by way of introduction, and paused. "Have a shot in the arm?" he smilingly invited, producing a large flask of amber liquid, in full confidence that, in a dry county in Idaho, such a treat would not go unappreciated.

The young boss shook his head and passed it to the sack buck who passed it to the grizzled old separator man; he glanced at the rest of the crew and, meeting no assent, short circuited it to the owner, not a drop missing.

There was an awkward pause, then the stranger said bitterly: "So you 'Mormons' are too clannish to drink with me. It's not cheap stuff, either; cost me three bucks, and I brought it from Evanston. I'm just as white a man as any of you, and I'm willing to prove it to any one that doesn't think so." His challenge unaccepted, with no explanations, he turned to the boss: "Get my money for me tonight."

"Hold on, not so fast," said the engineer, a man of middle age, and prepossessing countenance, had it not been for a livid scar that ran from his left ear down the entire side of his face, leaving it hairless and hard, like a terrible birthmark. When angry or excited the scar would suddenly pale to a waxy whiteness, with sudden flashes of red.

The stranger turned questioningly.

"Sit down, and I'll tell you a few things."

He complied.

"In the first place," said the engineer, "it is against the laws of this county to have intoxicating liquor in your possession, or

to offer to sell, or to give it to others. In the second place, I am a deputy sheriff, and sworn to uphold the law, and, in the third place," laying a kindly hand on the young man's knee, who was rather agitated at the unexpected statement of the other, "I want to tell you a story."

The crew sat up to strict attention as he began: "It is just eight years ago since I was engineer for a big threshing outfit in Oregon, carrying a cook-shack and seventeen men. We had had a good season, and a good run, with but little rain. Of course, the boss was well pleased, and to show it he gave us an afternoon off, and brought up a keg of beer, and some bottled brandy and rye, as a treat for the men. By midnight there was not a sober man in the crew, and when we went to move in the morning, I backed the engine over a pig pen, killing a litter of pigs and breaking the water glass, which I had a deuce of a time to plug up. We moved and set, but my head was rather bad, so I hit the bottled stuff pretty hard, and felt better. We pulled the water tank close to the engine and went in to dinner. After dinner, eight of the crew lay down in the shade of the water tank, and the remainder in the shade of the stack. I filled the lubricators, and looking at my gauge saw that I had forty-odd pounds of steam, not being able to tell much about the water the glass being broken, I tried the gauge cocks. No water.

"I went over to the water tank to ask the tank man if he had put in the water, as I had asked him to when he came back with the full tank, but found him dead drunk and incoherent, so I decided to give him the benefit of the doubt, as I knew the boss would be 'sore' if I drew the fire and delayed the outfit for two or three hours. So I pulled the whistle cord twice and the men in the shade of the tank sat up and cursed everything individually and collectively. Then I turned on the injector, but it didn't work very well; but it suddenly picked up and began to work faster than I had ever seen it. If I had not been half drunk I would have known instantly what was the matter, and shut it off, but by the time a suspicion had entered my head and I had glanced at the gauge, it was too late. I remember that it showed one hundred and seventy-eight pounds. I remember shouting a warning and jumping off the foot-rest to run, but stumbled and fell just as the engine boiler let go. How or why I got out of it with my life, and nothing but this scar, is something I do not know. After the terrible concussion, however, I got up dazed but sober. I could not see a thing for dust, and took but three or four steps before I ran into the water tank wheel. It was tipped up on its side. I called, and a man on the far side of the stack answered, 'What in —— is the matter?'

"The dust settled, and I saw that the water from the tank



had run out and made a big pool around it; but I saw something else that I shall remember with horror when everything else shall have faded—something that booze and I were responsible for—a sight that wakes me up in the stillness of the night to punish me, and that compels me to turn down a drink on every occasion. I saw eight fine young men dead in the mud and bloody water in the pool under the water tank."

For the space of ten counts there was silence, and no one looked at the engineer in his sorrow, or at the stranger who should make apology for hasty words to the sheriff, who otherwise would have a disagreeable duty to perform.

An accurately thrown bottle broke the silence with a sudden crash, as it struck the hub of the toll wagon wheel.

"I don't blame you a bit," said the stranger softly.

"All right," said the boss snapping shut a watch, and forty seconds later the dust again commenced to rise above the humming, flashing cylinder teeth, as the first bundle of grain slowly approached them, and suddenly disappeared.

MURRAY, UTAH



A BEAUTY SPOT AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

The Palace of Fine Arts, from a distance, appeared like an ancient ruin overgrown with vegetation sprung up in the course of centuries. The building is 1,100 feet long, and the rotunda to the right, 165 feet high. A Corinthian colonnade followed the line of the building. There were weeping willows, and groups of evergreen shrubs, on the islands and inlets of the lagoon. Thousands of periwinkles, violets, calla lilies and calla bulbs, to say nothing of the marvelous and costly statuary in the surrounding grounds, and the unparalleled display of fine art from all parts of the world, in the building, made this structure one of the most remarkable artistic achievements of the wonderful Exposition.

## Jed's "Schoolin' "

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF FOUR JED STORIES, EACH COMPLETE  
IN ITSELF

BY IDA STEWART PEAY

### I.

Three sheep-herders sat upon a log before a rousing camp-fire the first chill evening in September.

"Well, fellers, I'm goin' to leave you," announced big, dark-eyed Jed solemnly, looking long and fixedly into the flaring flames.

"Goin' to leave us!" exclaimed the other two in surprise, "Honest?"

"Honest Injun."

For a moment Jed's two partners sat in dumb astonishment. Finally they cried together with one thought: "Where you goin' to?"

"Up north," said Jed, briefly, still gazing intently at the fire pictures.

"Well, up north where to and what fur?" chorused the other two impatiently.

"I'm goin' to go to school," Jed's voice had a fateful ring that left his hearers quite convinced.

"Well, I'll be dog-goned!" swore blunt Abe. "Goin' in fur schoolin'!"

"So that's the card you've had up your sleeve all summer, is it? Well!" marveled Hebe.

"I knew there was somethin' on your mind," declared Abe.

"That's why you been reading your eyes out and wouldn't play a game," accused Hebe.

"That's why you been hangin' on to your 'dough,' wouldn't even spend a copper for a sociable cigarette," slurred Abe good-naturedly.

"Then, I guess he promised the 'little teacher' he'd not tech the weed no more," snickered Hebe.

"Oh, no," Jed hastened to deny, "she didn't know I'd ever used it."

"Did she tell you to read all them books?" asked the unreserved Abe.

"She did," admitted the young man. "She said if I'd read all these through, this summer, I'd be ready for the big school this fall."

"Did she? well! And how did she think you'd get the money to go there?" propounded Abe.

"Did she think you was livin' off the interest of your money last winter, when you had to soak your pocket knife fur a dance-ticket?" chuckled Hebe.

"Does she know you ain't got no wheres to lay your head 'cept under a sage brush, and no pa nor ma but me and Hebe?" quizzed Abe.

"And can't earn more'n thirty dollars a month to save your hide?" added Hebe.

"No, and before she knows all that any better than she can guess it, it's goin' to change some," declared Jed warmly, his black eyes turning to the camp-fire's sudden flare. "When she told me I was ready for the big school up north this fall I just said, 'all right, I'll be there the very first day,' and now I'm goin' to get there. Do you think I'm goin' to herd sheep all my life for thirty dollars a month, when a slip of a girl, younger'n me, and little enough to go in my pocket, can pick up eighty-five, pullin' the reigns on a couple of dozen chumps like us? No, by gingo!" and Jed threw back the thick black hair from his bronzed forehead with the old familiar movement of independence and daring.

"That's a whoopin' good talk, but does the 'big gush' like that pay fur schoolin', and books, an' board, stage an' railroad fares an' cetry?" enquired Abe dryly.

"I don't know yet," owned Jed, "but I'm goin' to see. Tell you later."

"By-the-way, give my love to the 'little teacher,'" breezed Hebe, with a meaning grin. "Happen to know she lives in the same town that school's in you're goin' to."

"Yes," Jed agreed thoughtfully, "but I won't see her, she's coming back here to get you and Abe and Sally Brown ready for the trip next year."

"Did she say that?" both young men enquired soberly, wonderingly.

"You bet she did," Jed assured them.

"Bless her heart," murmured Abe.

"Amen," grinned Hebe, "I sure ain't objectin'. I'd make a nifty professor, I reckon." There was a short silence. Each boy was no doubt thinking of the little blue-eyed school mistress who had come into their town the last winter and startled them all out of their blissful, ignorant complacency, and set at least one of them upon a new quest for something better.

"Then you'll be a lorn fiver up there, fur sure," mused Hebe at the end of his reverie.

Abe's rumination finally brought him, also, back to Jed's con-

templated venture. "I don't reckon you'll have much money to start on," he speculated, his mind on the details as usual.

"Hum! When I've bought me enough decent clothes to stand up in, and paid Brenker Bates for that dead horse, I'll have a little old lonesome twenty dollars left," confessed the would-be scholar.

Hebe and Abe burst out laughing.

"Goin' to travel without purse or scrip?" joked Hebe. Jed laughed his big hearty laugh with them. But as quick as the outburst of mirth came a sobering thought to the true-blue partners.

"Jed, you're clean crazy," cried Hebe.

"Twenty dollars won't pay your fare there," vowed Abe earnestly.

"I'm goin' to get a tie pass," exclaimed Jed.

"What, walk three hundred miles?" shouted Hebe incredulously.

"That's the only way," drawled the big sheep-herder, blinking his dark eyes unconcernedly at the now flickering camp-fire.

"Goin' to work your grub like a tramp?" Hebe jested dispiritedly.

"Something like."

"Say," burst out Abe, with a happy thought, "I'll bet you a primer agin' a deck o' cards that you'll never see the inside of that school. Away this side of there you'll be jugged for a vagrant." Jed laughingly took the bet and the two shook hands.

"I'll write you the day I win," promised Jed.

"And if I win?" questioned Abe.

"Why, I'll mail you a deck of cards from the jail," he laughed.

The three partners talked until far into the night, Hebe and Abe using every argument at their command to dissuade their comrade from such a fool-hardy exploit; but the big herder remained adamant.

## II.

The next week the boys went over to town to see their old friend off. All the rising generation of Blackgulch came out to bid the boy good-by, for, reckless, lawless, dare-devil though he had been, there was not a young heart between the peaks that did not love Jed. Of course, the young ladies had never owned to so strong a feeling, but, as Fanny Meyer often said—"actions speak louder than words."

With his new clothes in a bundle on his back and a twenty-dollar gold-piece in his pocket the big sheep-herder struck out for the unknown world. Hebe and Abe followed him to the brow of the first hill. After the last warm hand-shakes and good-bys were over, practical Abe lamented, "I'd have to see the trail a



little ways ahead if 'twas me. I don't see how you're goin' to do it!"

"I don't either," Jed laughed his infectious laugh, "all I know is that I'm goin' to." And away he went with his head high, like he always carried it, and his hopes—in the clouds.

He swung his great weight along easily, gracefully; there was power and independence in his movements; there was pride, assurance and the love of life in his deep dark eyes, and there was a dauntless, daring stir within his newly striving soul that made him as buoyant and light-hearted as the very atmosphere around him.

The first day, strong with the vigor of his determination and the spring of his manhood, he walked a great distance. He was filled with joy, the success of his plans seemed almost realized. Deep down in his heart Jed knew there were many details he had not worked out, but he refused to contend with them until they came into view. He had seen the first step and had taken it, so he laid himself down in the edge of a field when night fell and slept the sleep of the just. Next morning he arose stiff and hungry. To be sure he was hungry, the light lunch he had brought with him had been finished yesterday noon. He did not think of food, however, any length of time, but, taking a wash in a sociable brook, set out again upon the highway. A dozen times that day he made up his mind to ask for work and a lunch at the next farm house, but somehow the day wore away and he had not done so. Another night's rest refreshed him, and the dawn of the third day found him out on the road again. That day he asked at every house he passed or could sight for work. He asked very humbly and earnestly for work, but though he felt hungry enough to drop in his tracks he could not bring himself to say he would take his pay in victuals. That was "getting" the boy—for in spite of his size, he was still only a boy—he could not ask for food. Even if he offered to work for it, to mention grub seemed too much like a certain class of men whom Jed had always abhorred. If he had hinted that he wished to work for food no doubt some one would have fed him, but he just asked for work, so he was constantly, he thought persistently, refused. Everybody seemed to be well supplied with farm hands and laborers. Jed remembered disconnectedly a sentence about the laborers being few, but he thought there must be some mistake, the laborers were many, and no one wanted the "least hand's turn." The third day passed somehow, though it was uncommonly long, and Jed finally dragged his lagging feet into a wayside corner, selecting a tall rambling bush for a wind break he dropped heavily down beside it. He had gone beyond mere hunger, he was ravenous—he was starving. Sleep was impossible.

Try as he would, he could not think of anything but pork and beans, steaming pork and beans, bread and butter, bacon and eggs. Ah, for a supper over the camp-fire with the boys! How was it that he had never sensed the joy of those tasty, savory, cozy suppers with good old Hebe and Abe. This was very different from what he had planned. He had not expected to starve. Anyway, he was thankful the boys could not know. The thought of turning back presented itself, but stiffening with an effort he laughed the foolish notion to flight.

"I told her I would 'make good' or die tryin', I'm not dead yet, not by a long ways."

At last he fell into a troubled sleep. All night long he struggled with strange and awful adversaries. Morning dawned at last and Jed stumbled back upon the road. Never will he forget that dreadful day. His hunger was now a cruel night-mare, his limbs were almost too weary to carry him and his head throbbed painfully. His pride was shaken, and he made a bee line for the first farm house in view. He was not afraid to ask for food now, he would not only ask, he would simply beg just for a crust. As he neared the place an ominous silence chilled his blood. The house proved to be deserted. The poor boy was heart sick. He thought of breaking in and rifling the pantry, but it might not be stocked; and besides, he felt too tired to try the trick. He forced his dragging limbs back to the road. Clouds gathered, a drizzling rain fell. Finally a wind arose bearing the keen breath of fall, its chill crept over the spent traveler. Somehow he moved along, but his gait was so slow that it was late afternoon before he reached a small settlement. He made his way straight to the first cottage and knocked weakly upon the door. It was opened by a kindly-faced woman.

"Thank God," Jed murmured reverently, under his breath, aloud he hastened to say like any other tramp: "Could I do some work for a bit to eat?"

More blood rushed into his already burning cheeks at the words, but he humbly followed the woman to the wood-pile. When she started back to the house, Jed picked up the ax—swung it twice, then let it fall as he sank with a whispered moan to the log. At that moment the house-wife turned and approached cautiously.

"Are you sick?" she asked kindly but suspiciously.

"No," the big sheep-herder answered, helplessly, "I'm—I'm hungry. If I could have a little to eat first—"

The lady looked at him searchingly. Jed shivered, he felt like a beggar, the words choked him and he dropped his face into his hands. Hearing the lady's footsteps die away, he told himself if she did not return with food he would break down and cry. Unmanly tears moistened his eyes, his head bent lower and lower,

and he stopped caring or thinking. Presently a voice startled him. "Here, wake up and eat something, then you'll feel better."

The dozing tramp raised his head slowly. Lo, beside him was a cup of milk and a plate of bread and butter. He seized the cup and drank with avidity, he fairly pounced upon the bread and butter. In less time than it takes to tell it he had devoured the frugal but wholesome repast to the last crumb. Arising he tried again to swing the ax, but it was no use, he dropped down more tired than before. The house-wife, who had gone away, came out now carrying a comforter.

"You need not try to chop any more," she said kindly, "I'll take the will for the deed! You look like you have a fever. Here, take this quilt and go lie down in the straw shed. If it turns out that you have some disease," she added thinking aloud, "I can burn the quilt and the straw."

Jed took the quilt mechanically and, muttering his thanks, sought the shed. Rolling himself into the acceptable comforter, he squeezed himself snugly against a protecting stack and was soon asleep. There he lay sleeping a troubled sleep, dreaming weird, distressing dreams and moaning and tossing for three days. The good house-wife and her husband brought him food and medicine and at last he began to get back his strength. Towards afternoon of the fourth day he felt almost like himself again, and was impatient to be on his way, but he first had a duty to perform. He must repay, at least in part, the kind people who had cared for him during this trying illness. Of course, he intended to return when he became a well-to-do professor and reward them handsomely, but for the present he would put in a good day's work. The following day he, therefore, spent in the harvest field, though the good farmer, who was now informed of Jed's plans, remonstrated, urging him to hurry along. That he would be five days late was gall and wormwood to Jed, but to receive favors unrequitted was worse. The next day, however, after expressing his sincere gratitude to his friends, and thankfully accepting a generous lunch, he tramped on.

He set out bravely enough, but the way still seemed long. About ten o'clock he was overtaken by the farmer he had just left, who said he had business in a settlement some forty miles distant. Of course Jed must ride with him. The boy always doubted the man had business in that town, but the big lift enabled Jed to reach his destination one day earlier than he had expected. Thursday evening he crept into a barn on the outskirts of the largest town he had ever seen, where he slept peacefully until morning.

### III.

Friday, September 21, was a fine, sunny day, Jed found a

stream in a meadow, where he bathed; and, throwing away his tramp rags, donned the clean clothes he had carried all the way in a bundle. With head high once more he started into town in search of the big school—The Brigham Young Academy. He made no inquiry. Following the country road west for about a half a mile he came upon a broad street upon which he noticed several people with books, hurrying south. There was only one school in Provo to Jed, they must be on the way there. The boy joined in the struggling procession.

When the big sheep-herder arrived at the old warehouse, which was then the home of the school, every one in sight had passed him. Pulsating with the joy of his achievement, he ascended the stairs alone. Not knowing which way to go, he stopped in the first hall staring around in wonder and bewilderment.

Three or four young girls come running up the stairs chattering noisily; when they espied Jed they looked at him hard, pursed up their lips as though to keep from laughing, and all dodged pell-mell into a door on their left—the ladies' cloak-room—and in a moment the new student distinctly heard one say—"did you 'get on' to those high-heeled boots!" Then they all burst into hilarious snickering. Then another voice whispered, "and the flannel shirt," this being followed by another uproarious but smothered outburst of giggles.

Two spots of fire began to burn in Jed's brown cheeks, his black eyes gleamed dangerously, whirling quickly, he shot down the stairs—he was on his way back to the sheep herd. Out in the little, dark, rough, wood entrance he stopped suddenly and had a brief but bitter fight with himself. The fire of ridicule tried his proud heart to the core, but the strength of his purpose turned him back.

"I'm not goin' to give up my schoolin' for them little upstarts," he cried at last, with a snap of his square jaw, followed by a twinkle in his dark eyes as he added, "I'll stay and make them sorry for pokin' fun at their betters."

The big herder had a saving sense of humor, and with his eye on the future he managed to smile bravely as he once more climbed the stairs. Walking quietly along the thin frame partition, which divided the hall from the ladies' cloak room, he discovered the girls were still there.

"You don't need to feel so smart," he overheard again, "if he's like some of those fellows from down south, he'll be out of the woods first thing you know, and teaching such laggards as we are. Anyway I think he's about the handsomest young man I ever saw."

Jed was only human and this defense soothed him a good



deal. He threw up his head in the old way and, falling in with a crowd of boys who had just ascended the stairs, he followed them into a large room that, plainly, occupied all of the west end of the long building. A young lad with light hair was playing a march at the little low organ in the northwest corner of the room; and here also sat the Academy Choir.

Many there may be who still remember the morning Jed walked into the Intermediate Department in his high-heeled boots, flannel shirt, and coarse, ill-fitting clothes—if anything could be ill-fitting on his splendid form. Everybody gave him a second glance, not alone because of his cow-boy attire, but more, indeed, because of the attraction in his strong, brown face, his uncommon wealth of black hair, the interest and curiosity sparkling in his alert, dark eyes, and the proud, erect carriage of head.

All those entering were keeping step to the stirring music, and Jed dropped into the first vacant seat. In front of him on the rostrum sat a long row of teachers. It was evident that the noble-looking man behind a desk in the center of the platform was the head of the school. He seemed rather tall and very lean; his hair, short mustache and beard, were quite grey, the deep set magnetic eyes were gray also, and his fine, square face, in which was combined gentleness and strength, was without color. After the choir had sung twice, and a prayer had been offered, the President arose to speak. He began in a low voice. A mixture of humility and dignity, the like of which Jed had never seen in any person, sat upon his broad, intelligent brow; love, gentleness and great kindness beamed in his deep-set eyes, though presently as he warmed to his subject, there was now and then a gleam from them, which Jed recognized as the fire of purpose and power. He was speaking about keeping one's word.

"If I have given my word that I will meet you at a certain hour, in the morning," he said with stirring force, striking the table with his long thin hand and speaking with a fascinating, foreign accent, "you can depend upon me. If my breakfast is not ready, I go without it. I can eat some other time, now is the only time I can keep my word."

Jed made a vow to himself to be a man of his word. He was charmed; he loved the wonderful teacher that moment and forever afterward.

Though the dear voice is now stilled, yet it thunders out that unimpeachable moral code in Jed's heart today; and in the hearts of all, no doubt, who sat under the magic of his voice and teaching.

After the devotional exercises were over, the sheep-herder found his way to the tiny room partitioned off from the library which was the president's office.

Before the quiet gaze of this great man, Jed's heart-beats

quicken'd it seemed as if the deep-set eyes could see right through him, so when Brother Maeser—as the eminent educator always called himself—began to ask questions, the country boy thought it useless to make any reservations.

"A year ago," Jed was soon telling, "I was herding sheep, never reckoned to do anything else—'cept a little deviltry. Then a girl came down our way to teach school and somehow I began to want to know something, to get some schoolin'. I hadn't no folks, nor means, but, when the 'little teacher' said I'd made such good progress that I was ready for this here Academy, I told myself I'd get here or die a tryin'."

Brother Maeser listened attentively while Jed told, also, of his summer's work, his wages, his lone twenty-dollar gold-piece and his tramp northward.

"Now I'm here I don't know what I'm goin' to do," the herder ended. "I only know I'm not goin' back till I get my schoolin'."

Then the great teacher leaped from his chair, seized both of Jed's hands and wrung them fervently, a tender emotion moistening his deep-set, grey eyes.

"You're the kind of boy we're looking for," he assured the dazed sheep-herder, "welcome to the Brigham Young Academy."

Jed was so overcome by the warmth and kindness of this reception that the tears sprang to his eyes; to cover this confusion, he fished the guarded twenty-dollar gold-piece (that he had saved for this moment and almost starved rather than break) from the depths of his pocket and laid it on the nearby desk.

"Thank you; then I'd like to enter now," he murmured, "if this is enough money to start me on."

The beloved president picked up the money and handed it back to Jed.

"Put it back in your pocket, my boy," he said in the soft gentle tones he was capable of, when his heart was touched, "put it back in your pocket. Use it for anything you need most," he admonished, looking the herder over solemnly. "You can do work here at the school for your tuition, and I think I can find you some books. You are intending to work some place for your board, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said Jed.

"Yes, yes," mused the head of the school meditatively. Reaching for a pen and paper he sat down and wrote two notes. "Here," he cried joyously when he had finished them, "here is a recommend; and here the names of four men who keep stock and cultivate farms. Go, find out where they live, see if any of them need you, and report to me at two o'clock."

Jed took the notes and mumbling his thanks departed. It was still early and he determined to use his wits and his legs for

all they were worth. He was not above asking directions, now. Three men were visited without success, but the fourth, when found, declared Jed was just the kind of a helper he had been wanting a long time. A bargain was soon made, and Jed was shown to a small room upstairs where he was told to bring his belongings as soon as he wished. At the word "belongings" the herder smiled a quiet smile. However, when he was invited to dinner he sobered, he was very, very hungry. Would there be time to eat? He decided there would not, for there was something he wanted worse than food. He hastened away. It was 1:15 o'clock when he reached the business section of the city. Hastily reading the signs, he presently selected a big store, disappeared within its doors and remained there thirty minutes. When he emerged he was hardly to be recognized as the sheep-herder. He was minus his cherished twenty-dollar gold-piece, but was clothed in a new outfit—suit, shoes, hat, light shirt, collar and tie, all quite correct, according to Provo standards, in cut and color. In his arms was a bundle that he thought with a smile would serve as his "belongings."

At one minute to two, Jed knocked on the President's office door. Brother Maeser admitted him. A broad smile lighted up his benigne countenance, and twinkled in his kind eyes.

"You are prompt, my boy," he commended. Then looking Jed over in some surprise, he patted him on the shoulder, murmuring in a soft, tender, fatherly voice that warmed the sheep-herder's heart, "you have done all right, my boy, you have done all right. And now tell me what you found out?"

He seemed as delighted as Jed when he learned a boarding place had been secured.

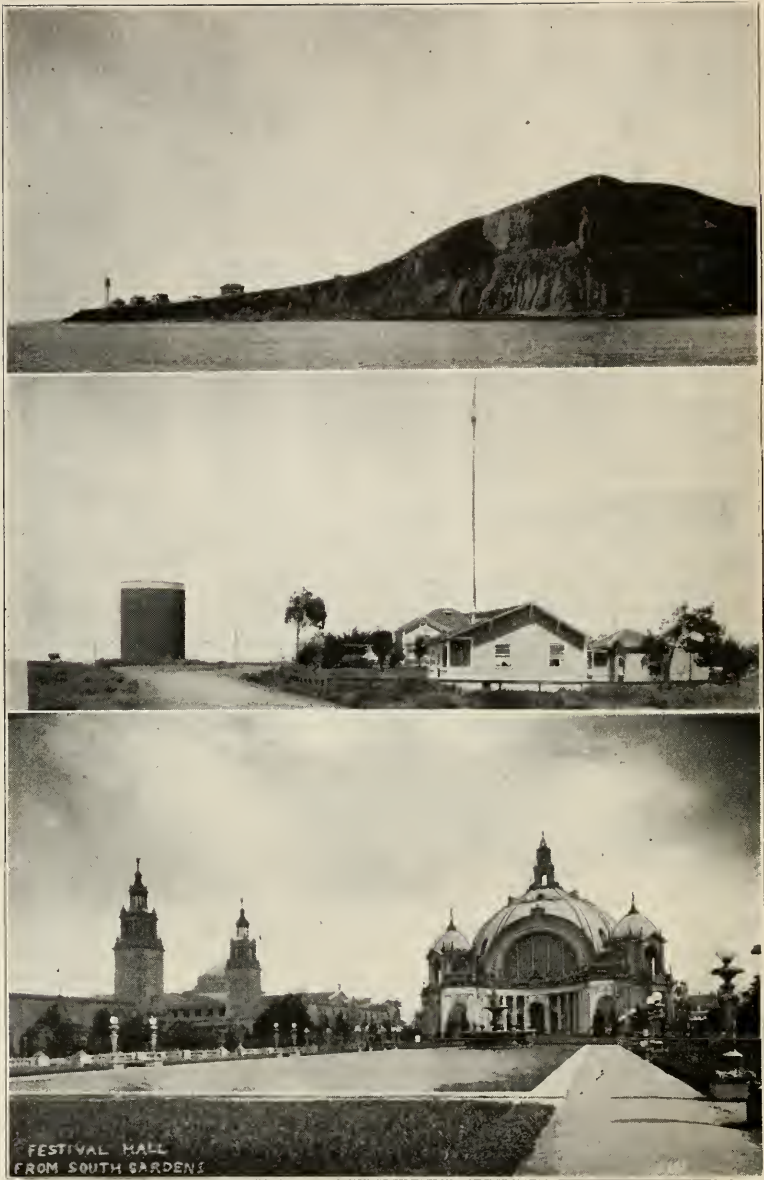
"Now, we will get you started," he said in a business-like tone. Producing a slip of paper he winked slyly as he asked Jed to promise he would never "drink tea, coffee, whisky or use tobacco." The boy grinned as he solemnly agreed. Then the great man himself took the new student around, introduced him to the teachers, and installed him in his classes.

That night, in his little room, Jed wrote a brief note to Hebe and Abe:

"DEAR FELLERS—I made a poor tramp which got me four days late. But I'm here all right now, not in jail for vagrancy, but really started in the big school. Abe, you can keep that 'primer' to help you get ready for this Academy. The trail is not so bad you fellers must follow. Yes, I'll be here next year to meet you, and I'll be here the next, and the next. Fact is, this is just the beginning of my schoolin'.

"Your old pal,

JED."



#### POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, AND FESTIVAL HALL

Top: The most southwesterly point in the United States, San Diego bay, and entrance to harbor. Center: The U. S. wireless radio station, Point Loma, California. Bottom: Festival Hall, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco. Here the Ogden Tabernacle Choir sang with great success on several occasions in July, 1915.





## Outlines for Scout Workers

BY MISS CORA MORETON AND D. W. PARRATT

### V. THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

The blackbirds make the maple ring  
 With social chatter and jubilee;  
 The red-winged flutes his "O-ka-lee."—EMERSON.

1. Why are blackbirds so-called? By what other three names is the red-winged blackbird also known? Name another kind of blackbird common to our region.
2. To which family do these birds belong? What other birds thus far studied, belong to this family?
3. Note size, color, markings, and shape of the red-winged blackbird.
4. Contrast the males and females in size and color and explain why the difference.
5. Which is the better songster, the male or the female? Why? During which season does it sing the most? Why then?
6. Where and of what do they build nests? Why there?
7. Tell of the color, number, and markings of eggs. How many settings are usually laid in a season?
8. On what does the blackbird subsist and how is it adapted to procure its food?
9. Do they go in pairs or in flocks? What advantage is there in this?
10. Mention some natural enemies of this bird and tell how it protects itself against them.
11. When on the ground does it walk or hop? Name another bird which does this.
12. In what kind of places, uplands or swamps, does the blackbird roost?

13. In relationship to other birds, is the blackbird a good neighbor? Why?

14. Where do our blackbirds winter?

15. Should they be protected? Why? What does our state law provide on this point?

#### HANDY MATERIAL

A splendid young blackbird built in a tree;  
A spruce little fellow as ever could be;  
His bill was so yellow, his feathers so black,  
So long was his tail, and so glossy his back,  
That good Mrs. B., who sat hatching her eggs,  
And only just left them to stretch her poor legs,  
And pick for a minute the worm she preferred,  
Thought there never was seen such a beautiful bird.

D. M. MULOCK

The red-wing belongs to the blackbird family. Other members of this family are meadow-lark, bobolink, cowbird, orioles, and Brewer's blackbird. The predominant colors of all these are black and yellow. The red-winged blackbird is so named from the beautiful red on the wings of the male birds. This particular blackbird is also known as the swamp blackbird, the red-winged oriole, and the red-winged starling. It is common throughout North America, while the yellow headed blackbird, so often seen in our localities, is confined almost wholly to Western North America.

The length of the red-winged blackbird varies from seven and one-half to nine and one-half inches. The male is coal black except the shoulders which are bright scarlet edged with light buff. The female has her upper parts dull buff and black, streaked; the under parts streaked blackish and white; the throat tinged with dull orange buff; and the shoulders sometimes tinged with pinkish red.

The male is larger and more attractive than the female. His feathers are glossy and the bright red on his wings stands out conspicuously against the pure black surrounding it. He is plumed in his best in the early spring during mating season. His attractive gown and winning "O-ka-lee" serve to induce the female to choose him as her favored companion. The fellow with the most handsome clothes and charming voice stands the best chance of securing coveted attentions from the females. The female does the choosing of her companion and therefore has not the need for attractive colors and winning songs. Her chief concern is sitting and caring for her young and, in this, dull colors are a decided advantage in protecting her against ever present enemies.

The male's notes are liquid in quality, suggestive of the sweet, moist retreats where the blackbird nests. He ascends the scale and seems to say "con-quer-ee" or "o-ka-lee." He very often sings while on the wing.

The eggs, from three to five in number, are very pale greenish blue or pearly white, with either blotches or scrawls of dark purplish brown, faint cloudy blotches of dull purple brown, and spots of black. Some few have no distinct markings. There are usually two settings, one in May and the other late in June or early in July. The nests ordinarily are built in rushes or reeds out in swamps away from the reach of coyotes, snakes, and the like.

Nearly seven-eighths of the red-wing's food is made up of weed seeds or insects injurious to agriculture. His feet are strong for ground feeding and his long, conical bill adapts him for insectivorous diet.

The blackbirds go in great flocks, thus protecting themselves from bird enemies. It is interesting to note that the males and the females commonly go in separate flocks.

Though the blackbirds spend the greater part of the day in fields and meadows, they always return to the swamps at evening to roost.

They are very sociable birds and may be seen enjoying the company of other kinds of birds, and are willing to associate with any bird with whom they can "scrape an acquaintance."

The migration of our red-wings is for but a short distance. Many of them never go out of our state, and often they go no farther than Utah Valley.

For the splendid services rendered, all blackbirds should receive the best of protection at our hands. The state laws regarding insectivorous birds, nature-study clubs, boy scouts, and especially the splendid work in many schools and religious organizations, all contribute to the needed preservation of our beautiful feathered friend.

#### THE BLACKBIRD

O blackbird! sing me something well;  
While all the neighbors shoot thee round,  
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,  
Where thou may'st warble, eat, and dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all  
Are thine; the range of lawn and park  
The unnetted blackhearts ripen dark,  
All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring,  
Thy sole delight is, sitting still,  
With that cold dagger of thy bill  
To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill! the silver tongue,  
Cold February loved, is dry;  
Plenty corrupts the melody  
That made thee famous once, when young;

And in the sultry garden squares,  
 Now thy flute notes are changed to coarse,  
 I hear thee not at all, or hoarse  
 As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning! he that will not sing  
 While yon sun prospers in the blue,  
 Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,  
 Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### Pajarito

["The Pajarito (little-bird) mountain, which is boldly outlined, just west of Colonia Dublan," says the author, "is said by the Mexicans to be the shelter of the birds. Whether or not the Mexican belief concerning it is literally true, it is a fact that in the evening, flocks of birds, both great and small, may be seen flying away to the West."]

See in the west yon far purple mountain,  
 Clearly outlined in the sun's lingering light,  
 Spreading her wings as to shelter her fledglings,  
 Proudly secure in her distance and height.  
 There in cliffs and the rocks overhanging,  
 Close in the hold of her heart, snug and warm,  
 Thousands of birdlings each year find a shelter,  
 Building their nests from danger and harm.

Soon as the morn, with golden-tipped arrows,  
 Pierces the mist that envelopes the sky,  
 Each birdie stirs in its nest and grows restless,  
 Eager to spread out its wings and to fly.  
 Out from the shelter of cranny and crevice,  
 Out from the cliff-mother bosom they spring;  
 Filling the air with a silvery cadence,  
 Cleaving the sky with a gladsome wing.

Over the valley, far over and downward,—  
 Down where the fields lay melow and white,—  
 Down 'mongst the grasses and sweet-scented clover,  
 Choosing at will the end of their flight.  
 Back they all fly in the gathering twilight,  
 Winging their way to the old mountain nest;  
 Wounded and sore and with wings bruised and aching;—  
 Back to the far *Pajarito* and rest.

In my heart *Pajarito*, all stirring and restless,  
 My thoughts like so many birdlings cling.  
 In the sweet, balmy morn they spring from my bosom,  
 Mounting the sky with an eager wing.  
 Tenderly, then, I will watch where they wander,  
 Snug and apart I will keep the old nest;  
 For I know that at eve they will come winging homeward,  
 Weary and bruised on my heart to rest.

VIVA HUISH RAY.



# Prohibition

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BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER

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Prohibition is really intrenching itself in many states of the Union, and is reasonably certain to be adopted by the people of Utah. A note of warning, at this time, therefore, may not be altogether out of place. Political parties are not now gathering their forces for conquest. The people are therefore politically sober-minded and free to deliberate on a question that is of far greater importance to them than the political advantages of their party. One of the greatest enemies of prohibition is politics. Where it is made a party question, the party hoping to derive advantages from it, as a plank in its platforms, does everything to make it successful. The party that has been compelled, for whatever reason, to take the opposite view does everything to make its enforcement a failure. What is still more serious, where prohibition is a party question—one party poisons the minds of all its adherents, and especially the younger generation, against the principle of prohibition. If the people of this state could submit the question of the sale and importation of liquor as a referendum for the people to decide upon, separate and apart from other matters, they would get a truer sentiment and a more solid support for that for which they are now contending so earnestly, as a rule, throughout the state. In some of the eastern states at regular elections there is on the ballot the words "Prohibition: Yes" and "Prohibition: No." If the majority of the people decide in favor of prohibition, whichever party comes into office carries out the will of the people as expressed at the polls.

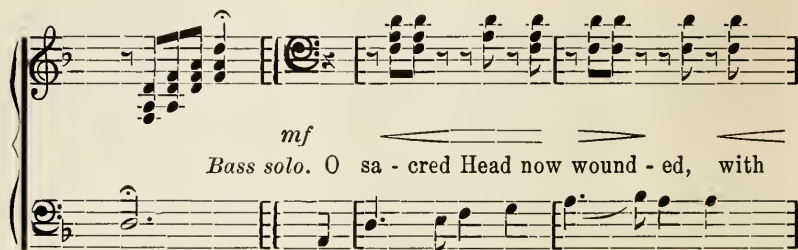
If, when our political parties meet, they would by resolution agree to submit the question of prohibition as a referendum to the vote of the people, and leave it there without making it a party question, or claiming advantages at the polls as the highest and best champions of prohibition, many difficulties that now lie in the way of the enforcement of that principle would be easily overcome. As a rule, among the number that seek the abolition of the saloon there are three classes—the radicals, the moderates and the so-called indifferents. As a separate question the latter two classes would be perfectly willing to have prohibition, but many, if not a majority of them, would refuse to surrender political advantages to a party against which their prejudices run high, in order to support prohibition. Experience in many eastern cities has shown the wisdom of this course, and it is to be hoped that the people of Utah, in the interests of sobriety and improved morals, will see the wisdom of avoiding every movement which tends to make prohibition a partisan issue in any way.

# O Make Me Thine Forever

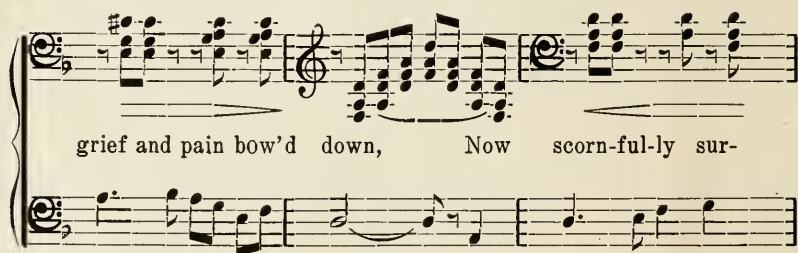
MUSIC BY H. LEROY FRISBY



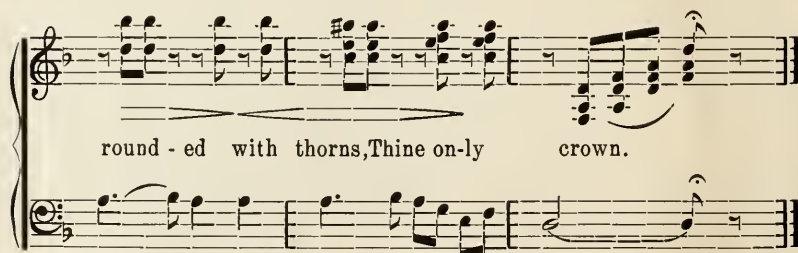
*Introduction.* *rit. e dim.*



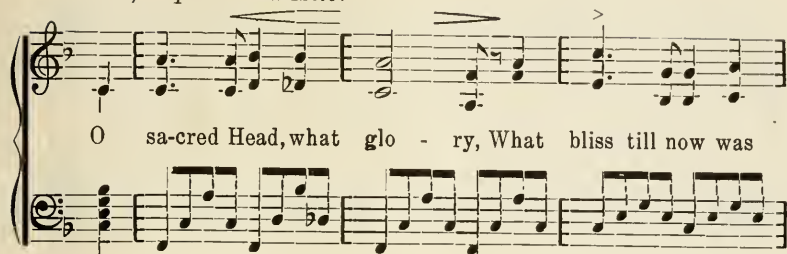
*mf*  
*Bass solo.* O sa - cred Head now wound - ed, with



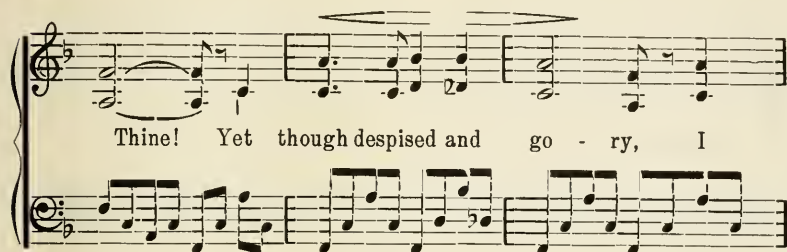
grief and pain bow'd down, Now scorn-ful-ly sur-



round - ed with thorns, Thine on-ly crown.

*Duet, Soprano and Alto.*

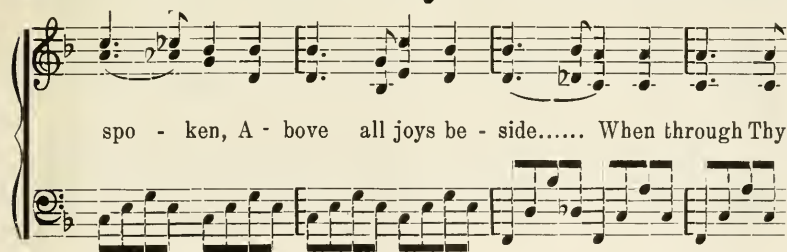
O sa-cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was



Thine! Yet though despised and go - ry, I



joy to call Thee mine. The joy can ne'er be



spo - ken, A - bove all joys be - side..... When through Thy



bod-y bro - ken, In safe - ty I a - bide,

*Soprano and Alto.*

*m.p.* What language shall I bor - row; To thank Thee, dearest  
*Tenor and Bass.*

Friend—For this thy dy-ing sorrow, And pit - y with-out

end? What language shall I bor - row, To thank Thee, dearest

Friend, For this Thy dy-ing sorrow, Thy pi - ty without

end? *rall.* O make me thine for



ev - er, and should I faint-ing be, Lord, let me

nev-er, nev - er Out - live my love for Thee. O

*rit.*

make me Thine for - ev - er, And should I faint-ing be, Lord,

let me nev-er, nev-er Out-live my love for Thee.

## Some Suggestions on Success

BY D. C. STEPHENSON

The Prophet Joseph Smith said, on one occasion, that we should seek wisdom out of the best books; and, having a few moments to spare, I am taking the privilege of copying a few rules that Edward W. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, gives as a concise set for the success of the country lad in the city. To me they send forth a wealth of wisdom and encouragement to any one, whether in the country or in the city:

"Be sure to get into a business you like.

"Devote yourself to it.

"Be honest in everything; don't blink at honesty—look it straight in the face.

"Be thorough. Do everything as if it were the only thing you were ever going to do, and your life reputation must be made upon the result.

"Employ caution; think out a thing before entering upon it.

"Sleep eight hours every night; do this despite everything; rather lose a chance than lose an hour of sleep.

"Do everything that means keeping in good health.

"Avoid liquors of all kinds.

"Be deferential to women, always, never forgetting that your mother is a woman.

"Shun discussions on two points—religion and politics.

"Cultivate the society of good women; a good woman is always a man's best friend: first and last, choose the truest among them; marry her, and have your own home.

"And whatever else you may forget of your early days; remember that there are obligations which bind your thoughts and affections to those from whom you sprang. Success will never come to a son who either forgets his parents, or looks askance at them, because in a measure he has outgrown their ways, he being of the city, and they of the country. Closely knitted into every success, is the only commandment of all the ten to which is attached a promise: 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land.'"

To these we may profitably attach a few rules from the pen of the ex-minister of the United States to Austria, John M. Francis, on the subject of Economy:

1. "Get the best education opportunity may offer and diligent study secure. Conquer the rudiments; learn to spell well, to write intelligently; learn grammar, the rules and logic of your language; study geography with patient care, and arithmetic for business equipment.

2. "Learn early to practice rigid economy; waste not at all; keep

your accounts with careful accuracy. Shun bad company; work to become self-sustaining and independent.

3. "Take a proper and cool-minded interest in public affairs. Read good books, and read to learn and remember.

4. "Make up your mind that life is a struggle, and success rewards those who are real workers. This is a stimulant for work.

5. "Learn as you may from the experience of others; do not feel obliged to learn everything from your own. In other words, listen to the advice of the wise and the good, so their opinions and instructions may prove to you a power of help in time of need.

6. "Never be impatient or fickle-minded. Work for a purpose; press forward—never get discouraged. Be prudent; avoid debt except as necessity requires temporary credit. And be prepared at all hazards to meet its obligations as promised. And now, as the first and last rule, form the habit; make it a law of life always to be polite and just, and in business employment and activities strictly regardful of Economy."

These rules are found in a book entitled, *A Practical Book for Practical People*.

#### L. D. S. Choir in Rotterdam

Elder J. E. Adams, Rotterdam, Holland: "The Rotterdam choir consists of about fifty members, all natives of Holland. Their customs and habits are somewhat different from those of the Americans, but after having lived and worked with them for one year and a half



I have become very much attached to the people. There are many pure and noble souls among them. Not only among the choir do we find such characters, but also among the older people, the fathers and mothers, who are willing to do almost anything for us, and we join in praying that the Lord may bless the dear Saints of Holland with satisfaction and peace."

## Our Children's Best Inheritance.

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BY JOSEPH B. HAWKLEY

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At an old folks' party, many elderly men and women enjoyed a day on the old grounds, talking over the joys and difficulties of school, as it was in their days.

Promptly the talk drifted to the dead and gone parents, and what they had saved for their children. There were many prosperous farmers and business men in the group, as well as successful women, so the young people wanted to know what had made them successful.

One man spoke at once of the sound physical health his mother had laid up for her boys and girls, and he declared that this had been his best asset all his life. His mother had been delicate herself, having been brought up by an aunt who had time for all household duties and economies, but little time to look after her own children, or her orphan niece. So the brave mother resolved that her children should not be handicapped as she had been. They were taught to breathe the free open air, to ride, to work, to swim, to observe diligently the laws of health, and to keep their bodies sound and healthy. Where other men went down on account of ill-health and where other women faded into early graves, he and his brothers and sisters stood firm, and succeeded.

Then a woman said that, in addition to sound health, her mother had always insisted upon good table manners. They were poor, but the wise mother always said that nobody knew what position her boys and girls might be called upon to fill later in life. So they were required to take a rigid training in politeness, particularly at the table. The mother wisely said that the table was the test, and anyone who could pass an examination there could succeed in other branches.

Of course, religion, sound morals, and honesty, were all taken for granted, and it was of the other or lesser things of life that they spoke. No one could truly succeed without high ideals, but there are many other factors in success. Good manners, good health, good temper, and ability to make the best of a bad happening are powerful factors in success. Cheerfulness, a hopeful outlook on life, and a real desire to please, were all mentioned as desirable heritages to leave their children; and the successful man



and women united in saying that their parents had saved up such things for them.

To the young people, the odd part about the conversation was that money was never once mentioned as a stepping stone to success. Education, good morals, religion, honesty, and many other virtues and possessions, were lauded to the skies, but never once did any man or woman say anything about money. This seemed very strange to the young people, about ready to go out into life, and they could not keep the wonder out of their eyes and voices. Then the most successful man of all said that the best and finest inheritances young people could carry from the old homestead were never bought with money, though money, of course, is a great aid in getting an education, and in providing good food and clothing for the body.

The conclusion of the whole matter was that any one could earn money, after attaining the years of maturity, but the other things were the result of home training.

So, if successful men and women are right, it is within the power of the humblest parents to send their sons and daughters out into the world, rich in the real values of life. Why, then, fret and worry and give up many joys to gather money for them? Money is all right, if they are trained to use it wisely; but if not, it is a curse, as many people can testify. If any parents are discouraged about financial matters, let them remember that, without money and without price, they can store up an inheritance for their girls and boys that kings might envy.

POCATELLO, IDAHO

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Objection has often been made against residents of the United States calling themselves Americans. It is not egotism so much as it is the lack of a proper word by which to designate ourselves that has led citizens of this country to usurp the term "American" which has aroused the resentment of other nationalities on this hemisphere. The New York *Independent* points out that, "Esperanto provides us the needed word, 'Usona,' formed from the initials of United States of North America. As a derivative 'Usonian' does not sound badly, and might be justified by the analogy 'Canadian' and 'Panamanian.' The *Independent* then suggests that if our professors of English would undertake such constructive work as the formation and introduction of these needed words, instead of devoting themselves to the detection of the typographical errors of the 'First Folio,' and the influence of opium on Coleridge, the language would cease to be an impediment to progress." The British nation, it is pointed out, needs new words also to apply to the inhabitants of the British Isles, the United Kingdom, and its dominions beyond the seas.

## Editors' Table

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### A Lesson to the Prophet Joseph

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The law of recompense demands that men shall work for what they get. One gets little or nothing without the asking, and one can only ask when he is willing and desires. Nothing comes without effort, is an old saying; and largely it is true, at least as far as blessings are concerned. Evil, of course, is always present. But as Latter-day Saints we are looking for the good: "if there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things." You will notice the word seek which implies work, endeavor, inquiry.

And this is the thought with which we should be impressed. To strive for the things we desire and love; and to love and desire the things worth striving for. Speaking of that which pertains to our inner lives—the spiritual—that can only come to us provided we are willing to search and have an inward preparedness and desire for it in our souls. To obtain this, let us will to act by asking the Lord to grant it, and it will come, for faith is a gift of God.

When we once possess this longing, this desire, then our duty is still further action. In this we are sure of results, for "ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" was not uttered in vain by our Savior. But it all implies effort. Without work and willingness to search we shall fail to possess a knowledge of the spiritual things of the kingdom.

When the Prophet Joseph Smith, whose birth we celebrate once more, was in darkness and doubt about one of the vital things of life—what to do in the midst of the tumult of religious opinion and extreme difficulties,—he was directed in this line of thought by the chance reading of the words of one of the followers of Jesus Christ: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

His faith led him to action. He concluded that he must either remain in darkness and confusion or else do as James had directed, ask of God. His strong desire to know led him to action; and he asked as directed, for the first time, for in all his anxieties and difficulties, he had never before made the attempt, observed the simple injunction, to pray vocally to his Heavenly

Father. Now he acted, and the answer was not delayed; it came immediately. He received the light which resulted not only in satisfaction, knowledge and rest to himself, but gradually in the establishment of God's "marvelous work and a wonder," in the earth.

The experience was a lesson to him that was never forgotten. His subsequent career is proof that he remembered this lesson so received and so strongly impressed upon his soul: if you lack wisdom ask of God and receive. He saw clearly that no light would come, if on his part no effort to find it were made. Hence, ever after, he put forth strong exertion to overcome evil by the "assisting grace of the Savior," though acknowledging himself ever liable to "deviate from that perfect path in which all men are commanded to walk."

There is perhaps no truth, certainly no vital principle, contained in the teachings which he afterwards received, that did not come to him because of his asking. The wonderful revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants, containing the underlying principles of the great truths upon which the Latter-day work of the Lord is founded, were revealed by his asking, and come to us as a legacy of the Prophet's faith and work.

The Lord is no respecter of persons, and to all who are willing to seek in prayer, with preparation, and work, having a desire in their hearts for spiritual light and understanding, he will grant abundantly without reproach. But no light will come to the unwilling, for they will not ask. The promise that they shall receive is made only to those who ask; and that they shall find, only to those who seek.

Our duty, then, if we would enjoy spiritual gifts, is made clear. It is borne in upon us not only by the teachings and example of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and by his servant James, but it is verified in the life and labors of the prophet Joseph Smith: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

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### With Thankful Hearts

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What have we to be thankful for?

For health, and for life with its splendid opportunities in this glorious land; and for our hope of eternal life, with friends and loved ones.

For work to do; for blessed are they who have found their life's work.

For the privilege of association, play, and rest with our

families, friends and loved ones; for their love of us; and for their choice hands that clasp our own in confidence and faith.

For living in this day when the gospel of Jesus Christ is restored in simplicity and plainness to guide our lives to happiness; and for having hearts amenable to its teachings.

For the Church of Christ, with its prophets, apostles and officers, to counsel, direct and advise as the inspiration of the Lord directs; and for our faith and confidence in them, and in the ultimate triumph of the righteous purposes of God.

For the privilege of associating with the Saints in our organizations and gatherings—religious, educational and social.

For the desires implanted in our hearts to love righteousness and truth, to extend justice, and obey the commandments of Jesus our Lord; and for parents, families, friends, and neighbors filled with like desires.

For our glorious nation and state, where we enjoy peace, law and order. For wise men who strive to make our land safe, peaceful, clean and prosperous, and who sacrifice for the public good rather than reach out for personal gain; who promote the advancement, welfare and honor of our common country.

For our peaceful homes in the valleys of the mountains; for our temples of worship, where we may converse with God; and our palaces of learning where our children may grow in wisdom and virtue.

For the mountains, with their changing moods; the sunshine and storm, the moonlit nights, the clear streams, the fruitful fields, the birds, the trees, the flowers, and all the marvels of nature about our mountain homes.

If these are not enough, let us go out with God into the solitude of the high mountain, with the everlasting hills, the vales, the lake and plains stretching out before us; and viewing these, our souls shall be filled, our hearts shall fairly swell with thanksgiving and praise for the countless tender mercies of our Father.

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## A Disavowal

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It may be well to remind our readers that the ERA is not responsible for the individual views or opinions expressed by contributors to its columns.

In the November issue an article was published under the caption, "On What Day was Jesus Christ Crucified?" We do not endorse the inferences drawn by the writer in the article named; but, on the contrary, we consider his views to be in opposition to the teachings of the Church, as also at variance with the well attested and generally accepted views of Christian denominations.



The crucified Christ emerged from the tomb, an immortal, resurrected Being, on the third day, reckoning from the time of His death, so that His body had lain in the tomb one entire day and parts of two other days. The ordinary Hebrew expression for such period of time was "three days."

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

### Stories Wanted

The IMPROVEMENT ERA solicits authors to submit stories to the editors of the ERA on or before the 5th of January, and each succeeding month thereafter until the 5th of June. During each of these months three of the stories submitted will be selected by competent judges for publication in the ERA. The ERA will pay for the one considered the best \$25; for the second best, \$12.50; and the third best, \$5. The length of the stories should be on an average between three and five thousand words. The contest is open to all who may desire to enter. All manuscripts not selected will be returned. In case there are no stories submitted each month that are considered available, the ERA reserves the right to reject them all.

### Thoughts in Brief

Many a man can testify to the truth of this statement, especially men who have the invention working their way:

Son: "Vitch is de greatest inventchun, Fader, de ottermobile oder de fonnygraft?"

Fader: "Id is a question, min sohn, Heinrich. Ford und Mr. Eddyson iss bote great men; aber dot feller vot inventioned interest vas no slouch."

An exchange prints the following dog story as an illustration of the fact that different things need different treatment:

"The attitude of some people toward progress reminds us of the point of view of a dog of our acquaintance. He was a sheep dog, and had acquired the habit of running toward flocks of sheep, up toward the front of the group, and steering them in the direction he wanted them to go. The automobile came in, and he acquired the same habit of attacking the automobile in front. The consequence was he did not last very long."

### Messages from the Missions

#### "O Ye Mountains High," in Tasmania

Pioneer Day was celebrated at mission headquarters, Hobart, Tasmania, according to an account recently sent the ERA by Sister Louisa

Dyer, secretary. The president of the Mutual Improvement Association, C. D. Turner, opened the social by singing, "O Ye Mountains High." Prayer was offered by Omni Porter. The exercises consisted of remarks by Glenn Merrill, duets, recitations, current topics and readings, following which there were games. Supper was then served, and the entertainment closed by singing, and by prayer by Elder Ivin Chard.

### Success Arouses Antagonism.

"In the city of Bicknell, Indiana, the population of which is about 9,000, we have a membership of thirty-five, sixteen of whom have been added since August 10 last.

"We have found this city an excellent field of labor. Many are coming to a knowledge of the truth, being baptized and showing afterward by their lives that they are true disciples of the Lord.

"Last Sunday, October 17, we held a baptismal service, and initiated nine into the Church. The Saints rent a hall in which we hold meetings on Sundays—Sunday school in the morning and two preaching services afternoon. Ministers of the local churches have become so much aroused over the progress of the work here, that they are preparing to openly oppose us by having anti-'Mormon' lectures held in their churches, the first one being tomorrow evening in the Baptist church. As missionaries, we are indeed grateful for the glorious opportunity which we have of representing the work of the Lord in the earth. We are thankful for our kind and loving parents who have reared us in the fear and admonition of our Father in heaven."—The Missionaries of Bicknell, per Octave W. Ursenbach.



Bicknell, Indiana. Elders and lady missionaries of the South Indiana conference. First row, left to right: Wm. Ray Stoddard, J. L. Peterson, Geo. W. Denning, Octave W. Ursenbach. Front row: Sisters Delia Peterson, Laverne Larsen.

Elders Denning and Stoddard labor in Robison, Indiana, and the others at Bicknell, Indiana.

### Traveled without Purse or Scrip

Elder Benjamin H. Knudsen, Scranton, Pa., October 20: "Elder Lester Ogden and myself made a trip to Susquehanna, where the Book of Mormon was translated, and took a picture of the grave of an infant son of Joseph and Emma Smith.



The elders are: Lester Ogden, Richfield, Utah, left; and Benjamin H. Knudsen, Provo, Utah, right. The feeling in that neighborhood has been very bitter, and little missionary work has been done there for many years past. Ours was the second street meeting held in Susquehanna for seventeen years. We traveled without purse or scrip and, while some of the people were bitter, we were well provided for. We have friends there now who will welcome an elder any time. One family provided for us from Friday until Monday morning, and we were granted the privilege of explaining our mission to many of the people there. We were reminded of what Christ said: 'A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and

among his own kin, and in his own house.' The people must realize that the fruits of 'Mormonism' are good. Part of the house and the room where the Book of Mormon was translated are still in good condition. We are making new friends continually."

### A Heated Discussion.

Elder Stephen W. Paskett, Nottingham, England, Oct. 14, 1915: "The earliest historic mention of Nottingham refers to the place under the British name, Tigguocobauc, which means, 'the house of caves.' Today the word Nottingham has been modified by Norman influence, from the names, 'Snothryngam,' 'Snottingham,' 'Snottingham.' The ending, 'ham,' is akin to the word home, and is of Anglo-Saxon origin. It tells us of a family or people that came to this part to make for themselves a home. It is likely that the leader of this people, or family, was named Snott, thus with the possessive 'ing,' the whole word means, 'the house of Snott.' And as they were, no doubt, cave dwellers, the two names, Tigguocobauc and Nottingham, have the same meaning. Many of the caves are still viewed with interest by visitors to Nottingham. We also have, in our district, other places

of historical interest, such as Lincoln cathedral, with parts of the old Roman wall which surrounded the city, still standing. Hardwick Hall, where Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned for some time, the rooms are still kept as they were supposed to be left by her. Then, within nice cycling distance of Nottingham, we can visit the Major Oak, in Sherwood Forest, under which Robin Hood and his men used to meet for council.



The above picture, No. 1, shows, left to right, Elders J. E. Neville, John M. Mills, C. J. Smith, S. H. Paskett, and President E. E. Greenwood, standing beneath this great tree. Its age is 1400 years; it is 21 yards in circumference at base, and its trunk, being hollow, will admit seventeen average persons. Such places as above mentioned



are very interesting to the traveling elders, and we always enjoy a day's outing, mixed with our missionary work. Picture No. 2 shows more of the real work of the missionary. It shows a meeting in which a heated discussion took place between Elder Gilbert Taysom, (on cycle) of the Church

of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and Elder Holmes of the Reorganite Church. We have met Mr. Holmes many times, but with the same result. He seems satisfied to hold with his doctrines and denounces the 'Brighamites' or 'Salt Lake Mormons,' as we are known by them. In this way, he escapes any persecution, by making the distinction. We are happy in striving to show unto the people of the world the true way of salvation. We have had fine success in reaching the homes of strangers, and getting our books and tracts before the people, especially since the war broke out. People begin to think that the day of judgment, which the Bible so often speaks of, is really upon them, and those who have not hardened their hearts against God have been brought to think more of the teachings of Christ."

### A Word from the Battle Front

As indicating the feeling among people in England who have become acquainted with our elders in the mission field, the following extracts from a letter addressed to Elder Albert Swift of this city, from a non-member of the Church who had become acquainted with him in England while he was there recently on a mission, will prove interesting. The letter was written by Stanley Fuller, on a leave of absence from the front, who refers to the sinking of the steamship "Arabic," and the rescue of one whose name was familiar to him—Elder A. H. Nebeker. He says his mind dwells on his acquaintances made during England's peace days, though now his country is in turmoil and rigid machine-like preparations for human destruction. Then



he says: "I am now enabled to see the beauty of Christ's true mission to man. In vain can we search Europe's cities for hands clean of human blood; but far away in seclusion, under eternal principles, live one people peculiar and zealous of good works. How favored that city of endurance none can fully estimate. I attempt to express myself in a medium so inadequate—words. What comes to me now is peace in its most beautiful expression—Utah. With her cosmopolitan population, she alone knows the practical peace which passes understanding, a conception unknown to us who are now watching, waiting and prepared for what our country feels to be a destructive menace. \* \* \* But how much better if peace could have been secured by more rational means than the destroying of so much God-created life which is being hurried by scientific, artificial means into the presence of God who has decreed that all men should be brothers. \* \* \* Your people, in old times reviled, scoffed at and maimed, maintain in practical life the will of God concerning man's relations. How honored you all must be to enjoy the favor. Should you not, far away from murder, possess a life truly godly, and always be conscious of God's special providence so abundantly bestowed upon your Church? Lasting joy must be your inheritance. Europe is sustaining a huge strain upon the moral and spiritual growth of her peoples. \* \* \* While I have sat at the wheel of my transport, it has often occurred to me that yours is the only 'organized body' that today can be said to be in any sense devotionally united in the true meaning. As I have known your people, they even now shine as the stars of the morning, far away from the gory roadside. I picture your ward meetinghouses, and your people worshiping and living sweetly unconscious of eastern murder and rapine. \* \* \* The blood of your prophet has not been shed in vain. Truth has brought peace, and good will prevails in the family of God, so long misunderstood. Babel is in the East, heaven smiles with holy benediction upon Utah and its faithful in the West. God bless you, and would that I might in peace participate in your life. Since the war began, I have been a unit in this army. I have lost a few toes from my left foot, but am still able to assist in military work, and expect to go back to France with the motor transport, at some day yet to be fixed. The doctors seem undecided as to whether I can keep fit again for a second duration of journeys between base and fire line. Nerves are all that are required and these cannot be artificially acquired. Send me a newspaper, now and then, so that my mind may brood over the friends I have met and respected in your Church, also any little pamphlet. With deepest respect and admiration for your people, which memory increases, yours fraternally, Stanley Fuller."

### What Systematic Tracting is Doing

President John H. Larson, Waterloo, Iowa: "The work in the various parts of this conference appears very favorable. All the elders are working faithfully and with diligence, and their efforts are moving many of the people to buy our books in order to give our religion a more thorough investigation. Successful and systematic tracting has created a large circle of earnest gospel friends. Now we have more calls than the elders are able to fill."

# Priesthood Quorums' Table

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## Suggestive Outlines for the Deacons

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BY P. JOSEPH JENSEN

### LESSON 41

(Chapter XXXVII)

Problem: Today while the great war in Europe is going on, there are many people trying to make plans for getting and preserving peace. What plan do you think, (which if all men would accept,) would make men strongest lovers of peace? Tell why you think so?

Study the chapter.

When at Liberty, what was the Prophet Joseph Smith striving hard to get the Saints to understand and live? How would the gosepl help them to enjoy peace? Quote the angel's message to the shepherds, stating what Christ would bring to those who loved him. When was our Civil war? What was the main cause of it? What plan did the Prophet propose that our nation might have peace? How long before the war did he propose it? By contrast, what kind of a spirit actuated the men who left the Church? Who prompted their actions? What officer in our Church is blessed to foresee events, so that if we heed him we may escape much trouble?

Answer the problem of the lesson.

### LESSON 42

(Chapetr XXXVIII)

Problem: When a person accepts an office, what ought he to be willing to do to perform the duties therein?

Study the chapter.

What office had Joseph Smith been called to, and had he accepted in the Church? In the city of Nauvoo? What was the *Expositor* writing? What did the city council decide concerning it? What was a mob beginning to do? What did the Prophet as Mayor of Nauvoo say and do to defend the city? Who was it the mob wanted to get rid of? How did the Prophet feel about his own life? When anyone even suggested that he acted cowardly, when leaving to find a place of peace, what did he do? What did he know was coming to him?

With the life of Joseph Smith as an example, answer the problem of the lesson.

### LESSON 43

(Chapter XXXIX)

Problem: The same as in Lesson 42, except that Lesson 42 is by contrast.

Study the chapter.

What was the office Mr. Ford held? What was the nature of his oath of office? How many times did he promise protection to the Prophet and his associates? Whose influence made Governor Ford break his promise? What is the duty of a justice of the peace? Name the justices before whom Joseph Smith was taken. What kind of a trial did each conduct? Contrast the courses of Governor Ford and Joseph Smith in the performing of their duties of office. What do you think of officials like Governor Ford?

Answer the problem of the lesson.

#### LESSON 44

(Chapter XL)

Problem: What is the strongest kind of a testimony a person can give that his teachings are true? What heavenly beings did Joseph Smith testify to having seen? Give some instances where you think his life and teachings have testified that our Heavenly Father lives. Now that the Prophet was brought to face death, what was he willing to give as a testimony of what he had seen, taught, and lived for?

Study the chapter.

Tell what Elders Dan Jones, Willard Richards, John Taylor, and Hyrum Smith did to testify of their love and loyalty to our great Latter-day Prophet.

Answer the problem of the lesson.

### Constant Improvement

It appears from the bulletin issued by the Presiding Bishopric, and compiled from the reports of the stake presidents for the nine months ending September 30, 1915, that there is in nearly all the stakes of Zion an increase in the payment of tithes, based on the corresponding period of 1914. This also applies to the number of tithe-payers. In the matter of ward teaching there is commendable increase in the average percentage of families visited each month, by the ward teachers; Oneida stake stands out with 100% visits, Ogden and Box Elder 99%, and others ranging from 94% to as low as 18%. The percentage of attendance at sacrament and priesthood meetings also shows an increase.

### "Jesus the Christ"

Dr. James E. Talmage's book, *Jesus the Christ*, has been adopted by the Committee on Class Study, for 1916. It will be used for all the Melchizedek priesthood quorums, and likely also for the Priests. For a review of the book see IMPROVEMENT ERA, October, 1915.

# Mutual Work

## M. I. A. Day and Contest Work

### Stake Pennant Contest Report Sheet

The following suggestive blank for scoring has been prepared by the Committee for reporting to Stake officers. It is given in answer to many requests:

Please credit the.....ward M. I. A. with points in the State Pennant Contest as follows for the month of .....

	Date of Meetings				
1. Mixed Double Quartette.....					
2. Boys Chorus .....					
3. Girls Chorus .....					
4. Male Quartette .....					
5. Ladies Quartette .....					
6. Advanced Seniors, Extemp. Public Speaking..					
7. Senior Public Speaking .....					
8. Retold Story .....					
9. Drama .....					
10. Reading Course .....					
Totals .....					

Remarks: .....President.

Joint active enrollment for month.....

Note: See 1915 Convention Circular, August ERA, and *Journal*, for method of scoring.

Note: Report on the back of this sheet, the personnel, the activity in which they scored, and the date of scoring.

These appearances must be made in M. I. A. gatherings.

### Answers to Questions on Special Activity Work.

1. There will be no scoring for additional appearances in the drama.

2. In group work all members of the group must be new in order to score as an initial appearance. When only parts of groups are new the scoring will count as additional appearances.

3. All additional appearances of musical groups should, as far as possible, be made with new selections. Old numbers, however, may be repeated and score as additional appearances.



4. All initial appearances are counted on the individual and not on the event—that is to say, the first appearance of an individual in an event is his initial appearance. He may choose a subject or a story which has been handled previously. In group work, the group is the individual.

5. All wards should keep lists of stories and story-tellers, speeches and speakers, musical selections and personnel of each group, drama and cast, names of books and members reading each one, together with the date the scoring was made. These names should be handed in to the secretary.

6. Points will be reckoned in proportion to the annual active enrollment, not by the monthly active enrollment, or monthly attendance.

7. Only the books of this year's reading course may be used to score for stake pennant.

8. Groups reading these books in private homes may score for pennant.

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## Stake Work

### Questions for December

The Stake Work Committee has prepared the following questions for stake superintendents to enable them to check up the ward officers in their stakes, on the topics mentioned. These questions should be asked of the ward officers, and at the monthly meeting of stake and ward officers should be checked up, so that the stake officers will have a knowledge of the condition of the associations in their stake:

1. State your best method of promoting individual efficiency in class work?

2. What did you do in your senior and junior class leader departments at your last monthly officers' meeting?

3. What program is being used in your stake for the sub-junior class? (See p. 29, "Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book.")

4. What check have you made on the distribution of manuals in your wards, and what suggestions have you made for their proper use?

5. What definite steps have you taken in promoting contest work, including stake pennant, leading up to M. I. A. Day?

6. Have you completed the raising of the Fund and the canvass for the ERA?

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## Athletics and Scout Work

### A Great Demonstration

On Saturday afternoon, October 9, a contest and demonstration in scout activities was held at Wandamere by the M. I. A. Scouts of the Pioneer, Salt Lake, Ensign, Liberty, Granite, and Jordan stakes. The events as carried out were: Tent raising, stretcher carrying of injured, first aid bandaging, relay knot tying, freak race, fire lighting and water boiling.

The first place was won by the 31st ward troop of the Liberty stake, with a percentage of .975, John D. Bowers, scout master; second place by Waterloo ward, Granite stake, L. G. Wood, scout master, with a record of .950. Waterloo won in the semaphore signaling contest, time 5.42; 31st ward, second, and Farmers' third. The message sent was: "To President Wilson and Bride-elect: Congratulations and best wishes. Y. M. M. I. A. Boy Scouts."

The contest was arranged by the Salt Lake Scoutmasters' Association, and much credit is due C. H. Spencer, Jr., and associate officers for their efficient work. After the contest the boys built their campfires and cooked their suppers. Later a bonfire rally was held. Stories, talks, songs, and scout "stunts," made up the program.



Top—Semaphore Signal Contest  
Center—Stretcher Carrying Contest  
Lower—Tent-raising Contest, Oct. 9

## Out on a "Hike"

The Rexburg and Sugar City, Idaho, M. I. A. Boy Scouts took an outing in August, leaving Rexburg at 5 a. m. They walked twelve miles by noon, and then rode twelve miles, going into camp at 4:30 p. m. They remained away three days, enjoying every minute of the time. There were fifty in the company, and they were directed by Frank J. Kirby, scout master, and J. L. Ballif, stake deputy scout commissioner. The cut at the top shows the boys at seven o'clock stopping for breakfast on the first morning. The central cut shows them in Pincock's spring, twenty-five miles away from home, enjoying a bath. The bottom cut shows the scouts of Rexburg and Sugar City in a group.



REXBURG AND SUGAR CITY SCOUTS



## Joint Work

### Roll Call.

For the sake of uniformity, and in order to save time in the reading of minutes in local associations, the joint committee of the General Boards recommends the following:

That minutes shall be read before the joint assembly immediately after the second hymn; the secretaries of the Y. M. M. I. A. and Y. L. M. I. A. reading them alternately, the one not reading furnishing to the other information as to class work.

## Class Study

### Be Practical in Applying Main Thought.

Attention has been called to the need of remaining with the main topic of each lesson given in the manuals in order that the class might finish the lesson and get the best good out of it and not waste the time in unprofitable discussion. There is a tendency to emphasize certain minor points or to remain with one sub-topic too long, to enable the class to cover the main practical points of the lesson. This should not be, but the teacher should so prepare the lesson, and lead in its presentation, that all the topics may be covered, and the main, practical points impressed upon the members of the class during the evening.



### Friends Among the Soldiers.

Elders Merrill and Ricks, Montreal, P. Q., Canada, October '15, 1915: "Because of the refusal of the mayor of Montreal to give us permission, we have been denied the privilege of tracting and holding open-air meetings here. This, however, has not retarded the progress of the work, as we are very successful in getting gospel conversations with people whom we meet from day to day. We are especially fortunate in making friends among the soldiers who are in training here. The enclosed photograph shows the elders with recruiting agent Hughes, a member of the famous 'Black Watch.'"



## Passing Events

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**Women suffrage** in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New Jersey was defeated by overwhelming majorities in the elections on October 19. Elections were held in ten states. Woman suffrage obtains in twelve states.

**Interurban day**, at Logan, was celebrated Wednesday, October 27, on the occasion of the closing of the gap between Logan and Ogden putting into effect an interurban railroad system, from Springville to Logan. Appropriate ceremonies were held and leading citizens of Logan, Ogden, Salt Lake, Provo, and other cities of the state, were present, including Governor William Spry.

**The Liberty Bell** was loaded on a special train at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, November 11, and started on its return trip to its home in Philadelphia. It arrived in San Francisco on the 16th of July, and was on exhibition at the Pennsylvania building every day. The last day of the bell at the Exposition was spent in the archway of the Tower of Jewels, and it was banked with masses of flowers which had been showered upon it at the farewell exercises the day previous.

**The Jewish colony at Clarion**, Utah, has disbanded. All of the contracts with the members were cancelled November 5, by the State Board of Land Commissioners, and the land upon which they were settled will revert to the benefit of the state university and other institutions for which it was originally intended. The land is situated in Sevier and Sanpete counties, and embraces six thousand acres. The colonization project is now in the hands of a receiver, and there is talk of establishing the colony in southern Davis county west of St. Joseph.

**Thomas Alva Edison**, the great inventor, passed through Ogden, October 18, spending an hour there in the business district on his way over the Southern Pacific to San Francisco. He displayed his abiding interest in the west by asking concerning the general business conditions in Utah. Mr. Edison was made chairman of the Naval Board, Sept. 12, which is composed of men selected by the eleven leading engineering scientific societies of the United States. It is composed of twenty-three eminent men of science who will contribute their inventive genius to the upbuilding of the navy.

**The corner stone of the Cardston, Canada, temple**, was laid on the 19th of September, 1915. Nearly two thousand persons were present and Elder David O. McKay of the Council of the Twelve officiated as the representative of the First Presidency. A box of articles of historical interest to future generations was placed in the corner stone, and was deposited by the two presidents of stakes in the stone. Elder David O. McKay with a silver trowel, made expressly for the purpose, leveled the mortar, and declared the corner stone of the seventh temple to be built in this dispensation by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the first beyond the boundaries of the United States, duly laid in honor of God our Eternal Father.

**Tillman D. Johnson**, of Ogden, was appointed United States district judge for Utah by President Wilson on November 3, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of John A. Marshall. The position draws a salary of six thousand a year, and the appointment is made for life, or during good behavior. Judge Johnson was born January '8, 1858, in Tennessee. He was admitted to the Utah bar in 1890, having come west in 1886, and engaged in the practice of law in Ogden from 1890. In 1911, he formed a partnership with his son Wade M. Johnson. He was a member of the Utah legislature, in 1899, and Democratic candidate for Congress, in 1912. He qualified on November 22.

**A Utah bed of mineral potash** is called attention to in the report of Secretary Lane, of the Department of the Interior, who announces the production in Utah of the first commercial mineral potash in the United States. The potash is found in a vein of a mineral known as alunite. It is said that the vein found is ten feet wide, and has been traced for 3,500 feet. Two hundred tons of alunite have been put through a mill, and two tons of 99% pure potash have been produced with nearly a hundred thousand gallons still in solution, containing large quantities of potash salts not yet evaporated. Secretary Lane believes that the discovery of alunite, known to exist in large quantities in Utah, Nevada, Colorado, California and Arizona, assures the country of adequate quantities of native potash for agricultural purposes and for the manufacture of explosives. It will be interesting to note that our imports of potassium salts from Germany, in 1913, amounted to fifteen million dollars.

**The body of Elder John A. Maynes**, president of the London conference, who died October 14, at Hull, England, arrived in Salt Lake City on November 5. It was accompanied by Mrs. Maynes and daughter Dorothy, and Elders Knight and William Bruce. President Maynes died while visiting his birthplace, at Hull, and was in the best of health until three days before his death. Funeral services were held on Sunday, November 7, in the Twentieth ward chapel and Bishop C. C. Neslen presided. Among the speakers were George Shorten, W. D. Owen, E. J. Watts, William Bruce and others. The principal address was delivered by President Joseph F. Smith who spoke of the missionary work accomplished by Elder Maynes and commented upon the tributes paid him by preceding speakers on his character and efficiency in the cause of Christ. President Anthon H. Lund and Bishop C. C. Neslen also spoke briefly. The service was one of the most numerously attended of any funeral service ever held in the Ensign stake.

**Booker T. Washington**, the foremost teacher and leader of the negro race, and principal of the Tuskegee Industrial and Normal Institute, Alabama, died November 14, at his home in Tuskegee. He was born in slavery near Halesford, Virginia, in 1857 or 1858. After the emancipation he moved to West Virginia. He entered Hampton and worked his way through an academic course, graduating in 1876. He later became a teacher in that school, remaining there until 1881, when he organized the industrial school for negroes at Tuskegee, to which he devoted the remainder of his life. His institute started in a rented shanty. Today it owns over 3,500 acres of land, in Alabama, has nearly a hundred buildings, and is valued at half a million dollars. Thousands of negroes have received their start in his institute. Dr. Washington received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Harvard, in 1896, and Doctor of Laws, in 1901, from the Dartmouth

college. For the Senior Y. M. M. I. A. Manual for 1915-16, he kindly contributed a short article on, "What is Success?" this being among one of the last that he wrote. He visited Utah not long ago and spoke before the L. D. S. U. and other institutions in the state.

**Mrs. Zina Smith Greenwell**, wife of Ambrose Greenwell and daughter of President Joseph F. Smith, and Edna L. Smith, died in Salt Lake City, October 25. Mrs. Greenwell was born in Salt Lake City, October 11, 1890, and was married on the 12th of December, 1910, to Ambrose Greenwell, by whom she had one daughter, Helen, age three years. Mrs. Greenwell received her education in the public schools and in the Latter-day Saints University. After her graduation she was employed in the Presiding Bishop's Office as stenographer and typewriter in which line she was an expert. She resided in the Seventeenth ward up to the time of her marriage, and in all her girlhood and youth was actively engaged in religious work, principally as a teacher in Sunday school. When she located with her husband in the Waterloo ward, she continued this same activity; and while her husband was on a mission in the Southern States, from which he recently returned, Mrs. Greenwell spent her time as recording stenographer in the Salt Lake Temple, performing her duties there at the time she was stricken with her fatal illness. She was a woman of deep spirituality, a bright intellect, and a lovable nature, being capable and efficient in all her work. She was an accomplished pianist, fond of music, a refined and lovable woman.



**The Mexican** situation continues unsettled, though it was somewhat quieter in the middle part of November. On the 25th of October, it was stated that Private E. Moore was shot by a bandit near Brownsville, Texas, and that he was the eleventh American soldier killed in skirmishes with Mexican bandits and raiders. The troops of Carranza were permitted passage over the Southern Pacific across American territory from Eagle Pass, Texas, to Douglas, Arizona. Reinforcements of United States troops arrived at Douglas and Naco, Texas, on the 29th. Major General Funston has complete charge of the situation on the border, and is empowered to call more troops as he may need. On the 30th, three thousand United States troops entrenched within a few feet of the Mexican border, prepared to interfere should the attack by Villa on Agua Prieta, Sonora, involve shooting into American territory. Many of the officers and soldiers of Villa are reported

deserting for Carranza's camps. On Nov. 3 Villa's attack on Agua Prieta failed as he lacked supplies. He withdrew to Naco.

**Edith Cavell**, an English nurse, was shot, October 12, 'at Brussels, by a German firing squad, the military court having sentenced her to death on a charge of aiding British and French soldiers and Belgian young men to escape from Belgium and join the allied armies. She was arrested on August 5. She admitted the charge, and when asked by the president of the court if she wished to petition the 'Kaiser for pardon, she refused to take advantage of the opportunity, and died stating that she had no hatred or bitterness toward anyone. Her execution aroused outbursts of indignation, not only in England, but in Holland and the United States as well, and recruiting in England jumped to ten thousand because of the news.

**Arthur T. Wells**, son of John and Amelia Wells of Salt Lake City, and a conductor on the Emigration Canyon railroad, was accidentally killed at noon, October 15, 1915, at a station near the site of the old Wagner brewery. Arthur T. Wells was born in Salt Lake City, April 6, 1895, and graduated from the public schools, completed a course in the L. D. S. U., and later attended the Utah Agricultural College, at Logan. He had worked for the railroad some time, but intended leaving shortly to manage a ranch in Arizona. His funeral was held in the Ensign ward chapel on Sunday, Oct. 17. Bishop David



R. Lyon officiated. The speakers were Arthur Winter, President Charles W. Penrose, Joseph S. Wells, of the presidency of the Ensign stake, who labored as a missionary in Nottingham at the time the Wells family embraced the gospel, Le Grande Young, president of the Emigration canyon railroad, Orson F. Whitney of the Council of the Twelve, and Bishop Charles W. Nibley. The speakers referred to Brother Wells' splendid physical development, his sterling character, and the respect and affection he had always shown towards his parents, his brothers and sisters. He was looking forward to filling a mission to the native land of his parents. His father, John Wells, has been the chief clerk of the Presiding Bishop's Office for many years, and the speakers paid a glowing tribute of esteem and respect to Brother Wells and his family. The grave was dedicated by Elder David A. Smith of the Presiding Bishopric of the Church.

spect to Brother Wells and his family. The grave was dedicated by Elder David A. Smith of the Presiding Bishopric of the Church.

**The great war** continued, with Serbia as the principal battlefield since the Austro-German army invaded that country on October 7, in an attempt to open a route to Constantinople to aid the Turks. The German Field Marshall Von Mackensen is in command of about four hundred thousand troops, and succeeded, October 26th, in making communication with Turkish officers at Constantinople. About the middle of November the Serbian army was reported in serious difficulty, and was likely to be completely defeated. It was generally conceded that the British and French drive at the Dardanelles was a failure. Lord Winston Spencer Churchill who has received considerable criticism, and resigned from the British admiralty, as former first lord, said on the 15th, in defense of the expedition: "If any operation in the history of the world were worth carrying through with sustained fury and utter disregard of life, the operations at the Dardanelles were worth it."



October 11.—The Bulgarian armies cross the border into Serbia at several points east of Nish, and Bulgaria entered the war as an ally of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey.

October 19.—Italy declared war on Bulgaria.

October 20.—Great Britain offered Cyprus to Greece for aid in the war, and on the 22nd Greece refused to join the Allies. Cyprus is about the size of Porto Rico, or nearly one-third as large as Belgium, and was ceded by Turkey to England in 1878, as a reward for defending her against Russia, but was not formally annexed until the present war.

October 30.—The British publish the names and tonnage of twenty steamships sunk in the Baltic by the British, between October 11 and 23.

October 31.—It is reported that in the territories swept by the German invasion of Russia, one million five hundred thousand Russian Jews are homeless and starving.

November 2.—The Germans take the new Serbian capitol Tchatchak. Premier Asquith explains the war situation to Parliament.

November 6.—The Bulgars take the ancient Roman city of Nish, the capitol of Serbia, the birthplace of Constantine the Great. The possession of Nish gives the Bulgarians and the Austro-German troops an open route to Sofia and Constantinople.

**James Murray Adamson**, late superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Boise stake, Idaho, was killed October 29 in a tragedy at Carey, Idaho. He was shot by his brother-in-law, a Mr. Cameron, who also killed Adamson's father and mother, his sister Isabel Adamson Cameron, and her babe, and then himself.

James Murray Adamson was born at Heber City, Utah, June 30, 1887, being the fourth child of a family of six. He was educated in Park City, Utah; Carey, Idaho, and at the Latter-day Saints University in Salt Lake City. Besides his business course he studied music and became a talented musician on the cello, clarinet, cornet and piano. In June, 1913, he left for a mission to Great Britain laboring in the Newcastle conference, being honorably released from his mission and sailing from Liverpool July 9, 1915, on the steamship "Scandinavian." For the last ten months of his mission he acted as clerk of the conference. On August 1, 1915, at a conference held in Boise, Idaho, he was called to be superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. and had entered upon his work with a determination to make a success of it. He was chorister of the Carey ward and was hard at work at the time of the tragedy preparing the ward choir for the dedication of the new meeting-house.



Benjamin Ward, Norwich, England: "The missionaries are always glad and anxious to receive and read the contents'of the ERA. It tends to develop us along gospel lines and in the way of salvation, and to prepare us to meet the great things in life."

Elders Merrill and Ricks write from Montreal, P. Q., Canada: "The ERA is appreciated very much by us, for through its beautiful stories many are giving an ear to gospel messages who otherwise could not be reached. We wish you continued success."

H. Leroy Frisby, Leicester, England, September 21, 1915: "The IMPROVEMENT ERA is appreciated here. As soon as we have read the magazines we lend them to the Saints, and so they are continually in circulation among the Saints and friends of this branch. All are anxious to get hold of an ERA which they have not read."

# Improvement Era, December, 1915

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